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Vol. CLVIII No. 2069 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 16 1939

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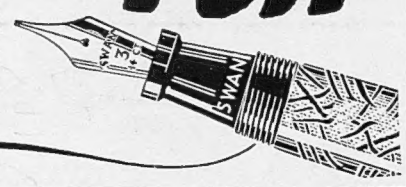

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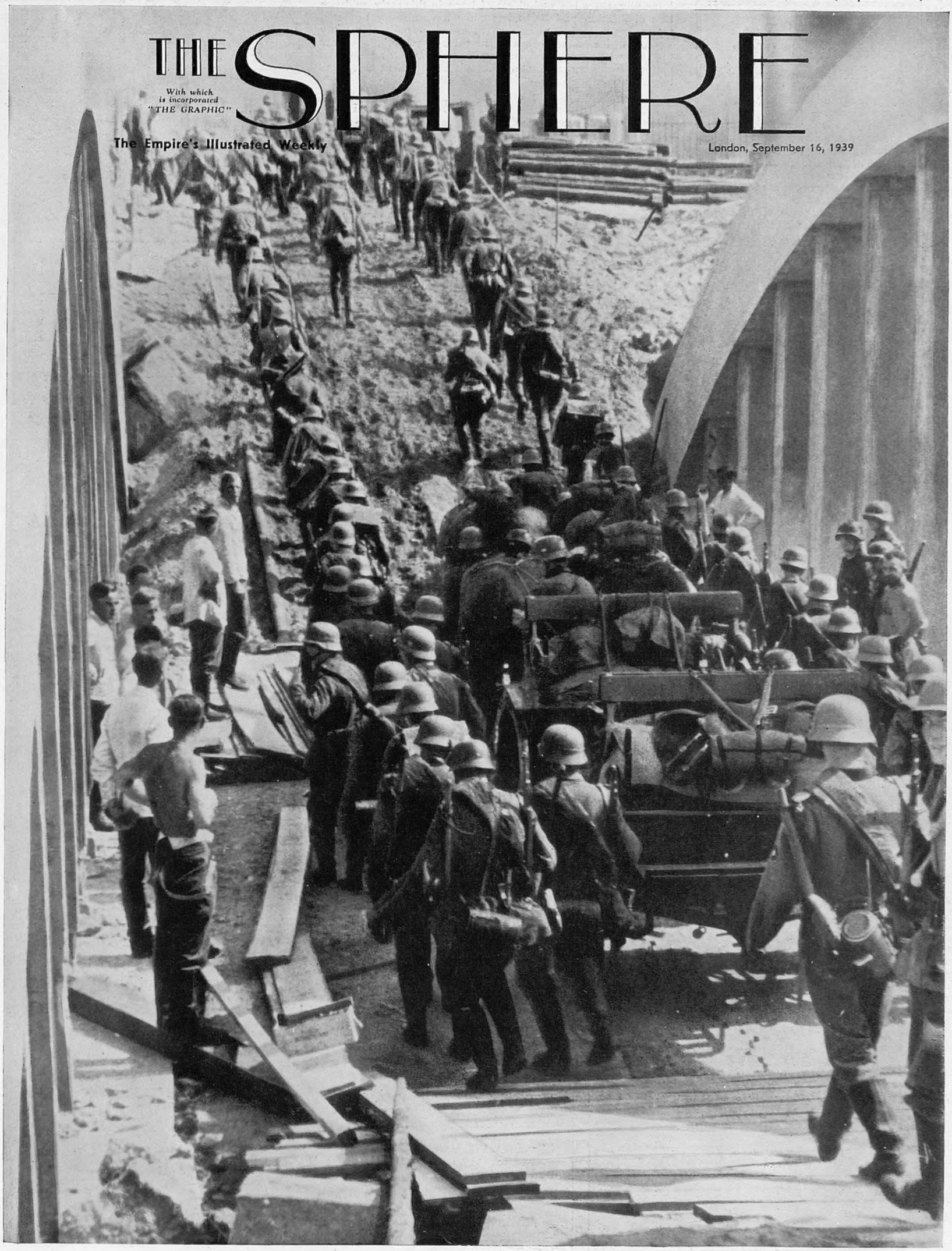
London, September 16, 1939



GERMANY MEETS TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN HER ADVANCE INTO POLAND

Prior to the Pause of This Week

The first advance of the massed German divisions into the Polish corridor territory was made with remarkable celerity. The attack began on September 1 and at the time of writing had continued for twelve days. Some 1,500,000 men, all the motorised divisions and the greater part of the German artillery took part in the mass attack. It does not appear that the Polish army had determined on a desperate stand at any point until the outskirts of Warsaw were threatened, when the Polish people started to dig themselves in and were putting up a stern resistance. Historic Cracow had fallen, but at mid-week the rush of the attack seemed to have been spent. A long, narrow salient extended westward from Warsaw

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CANADA DECLARES WAR

The Proclamation announcing the declaration of war, which appears in the official "Gazette," is as follows:—

"Whereas by and with the advice of our Privy Council for Canada, we have signified our approval of the issuing of a Proclamation in the Canada Gazette declaring that a state of war with the German Reich exists and has existed in our Dominion of Canada as from the 10th day of September, 1939.

"Therefore we do hereby declare and proclaim that a state of war with the German Reich exists and has existed in our Dominion of Canada as from the 10th day of September, 1939."

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, September 13, 1939.

INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING —A GLEAM OF HOPE.—

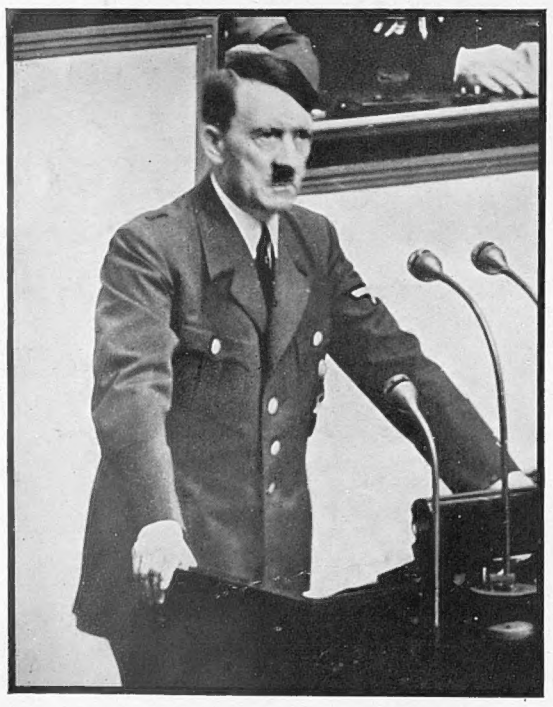
And so this curious war between Nazism and the Democracies has begun and already some of our accepted theories of the first stages of frightfulness are shown to have been wrongly based. It is quite clear that the "frightfulness" of unrestrained aerial bombing has already shown signs of self-destruction. All combatants were reluctant to begin anything which might be judged to be the indiscriminate bombing of civilians, and indeed the bombing of large cities possessing military objectives, more or less defined. Leaving aside the moral infamy of such a policy, the most barbarous combatants clearly see that this form of blood-mania does not pay, because those who most fear internal disruption, tend to risk most by its employment as a weapon. Thus, every pundit was taken by surprise when after several days of war no bomb had fallen on London, and on Germany British aircraft had dumped only a few tons of nicely-worded leaflets. We cannot expect this immunity to continue. Mistakes may occur, rumours will be magnified into deliberate outrage and "reprisals" will follow. That is almost certain in war. But for the future of humanity, there is a real gleam of hope in this early evidence that civilisation and barbarism alike have already hesitated to employ, on practical as well as moral grounds, this filthy weapon which science has enabled them to forge. It is clear that the whole world will be massed in judgment against the nation which first deliberately adopts this expedient or resorts to gas or poison.

BLINDFOLD AND CLEAR-SIGHTED.—Did a nation ever before enter into a war—even in the Middle Ages—so ignorant of the last stages of negotiations which led up to it and so totally ignorant of the strategy which was designed to prosecute it? Rarely, if ever. For three days we were in total ignorance of the bare terms of Hitler's last worthless undertakings. We had not a faint guess as to what was the gleam of hope which reached our Government on the last Sunday of August. It was from Hitler that we learned at last what his rigmarole-scrap-of-paper was. We were at war at last at 11 a.m. on September 3. A group of old soldiers, talking at that time in an interval during evacuation, all made different suggestions as to what our forces would now do on land, sea and in the air; none were the same; none seemed probable. All we could agree on was the hope that the Navy might catch the *Bremen*! We knew too little even for guesswork. But blindfold as we were about ways and means, no nation ever entered on a war so clear-sighted as to the issue. We knew to a man what we were fighting to destroy and to save. We were out to destroy an obscene beast, a mad pariah, and to save, for the German people as for the rest of the world, the last hope of freedom and sanity, decency and fellowship, honour and security. Now slowly the plan unfolds. Britain clearly in the first stage is to have charge of the sea warfare, militant and economic, and France's part is to threaten by the best means that suggest themselves the most vital areas of Germany near the frontiers of France, and to draw and hold there an important part of the German Forces. Our air forces have obvious duties in co-operation with other arms and all but clearly military objectives will be respected.

"LUSITANIA."—Morality has long ceased to be a word applicable to modern Germany. History, even before it stripped Germany's rulers of any claim to honour or morality, gave clear evidence of her clumsy, numbskull technique in diplomacy, her complete ignorance of psychology in her relations with neighbour states. It was a matter of months in the last war before imperial Germany committed the ineffable blunder (for morality didn't apply) of sinking the *Lusitania*. It was a matter of hours only before the Nazis committed the same "blunder" (for "crime" is not the applicable word) on the *Athenia*. Thus, once more, history repeats itself, once more the oldest and wisest of nursery saws proves its truth, and Hitlerism, which entered the war a mad pariah, finds itself held up in the first hours of the struggle to the execration of civilisation, including many peoples whom it deemed its friends. Black days, months, years perhaps, lie ahead of us. We shall learn of reverses, losses, bitter tragedies enough. But even to-day in the first hours of the struggle there is a hint that already the mills of God are slowly revolving. *Quem Deus vult perdere* . . .

THE MEN AT THE TOP.—The British Test Team has been chosen. It is strong and experienced and its average age gives it the designation of a veteran team. The wheel has turned full circle and Mr. Churchill is back at the Admiralty as in 1914. He will not have lost his sting or forgotten his tricks as a bowler on a sticky wicket. He will have plenty to occupy his time between Cabinet meetings. Mr. Chamberlain has in his team Halifax, Churchill, Simon, Hore-Belisha, Kingsley-Wood, Chatfield, the indispensable Hankey, living encyclopædia of war precedents, and Hoare. Eden has returned to the Government as Dominions Secretary and attends the War Cabinet sittings. The army choices and changes are: Gort to command the Field Forces, Kirke the Home Forces, and Ironside as C.I.G.S. The naval leaders are designated and the air leaders. These are the men at the top and all are experienced. War always throws up one or two giants, and in this war, too, as surely as in all wars, there will be found "village Cromwells," leaders, organisers, inspirers, as deserving of recognition and glory as those invested with the panoply of power. It is a people's war, if ever there was one, and the first leaders and inspirers were found among the women in the poor streets of the cities.

AMERICA AND WAR.—In Britain we know on which side solid and decent American opinion stands in this war against indecency and inhumanity and tyranny. We know in short that a vast majority of Americans are with us in spirit, and scores of thousands will be with us in body. We none of us can criticise America's (to-day) inevitable decision to remain strictly neutral. Her laws require it. How the future will affect her future remains to be seen. At this hour, when nerves are stretched, I could wish that for the preservation of



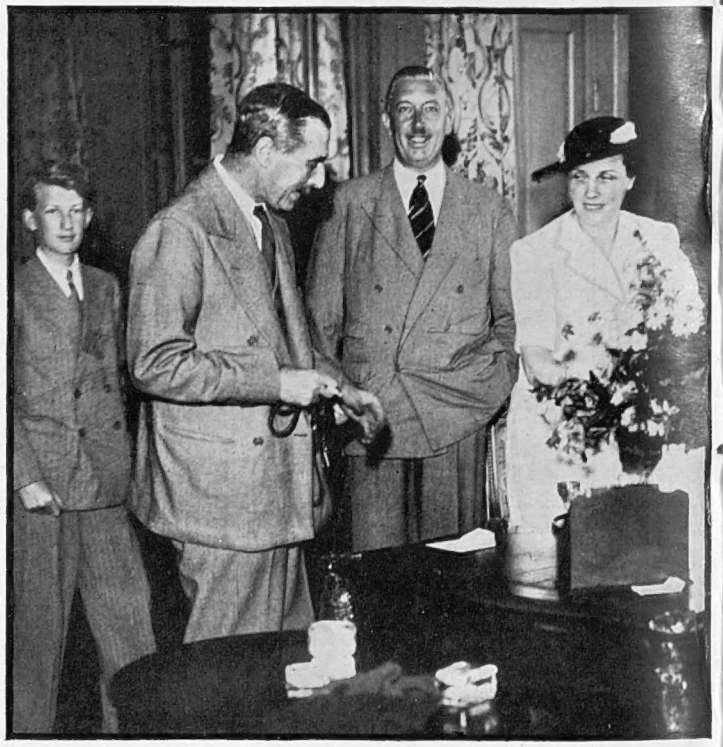
Field-Marshal Göring at an armament factory last week openly mentions the Allies' attack. "If you look attentively you will soon understand why. Behind Poland looms the shadow of that nation that again and again, in every situation, has sided against Germany and wanted to annihilate her. Surely Great Britain should have said the demands made to Poland are just. Give way to them quickly. We want peace, but peace at the price of our Leader is not to be thought of," concluded Marshal Göring. "To destroy our Leader is to destroy the German nation. Germany is Hitler, and Hitler is Germany"

A WAR NEW

PART OF THE BIG SUNDAY CROWD IN HYDE PARK

WELL EQUIPPED FOR CROSSING THE DARK LONDON ROADS

This pedestrian is admirably protected. Her white coat can be seen glimmering through the dark, and the newspaper is a useful addition

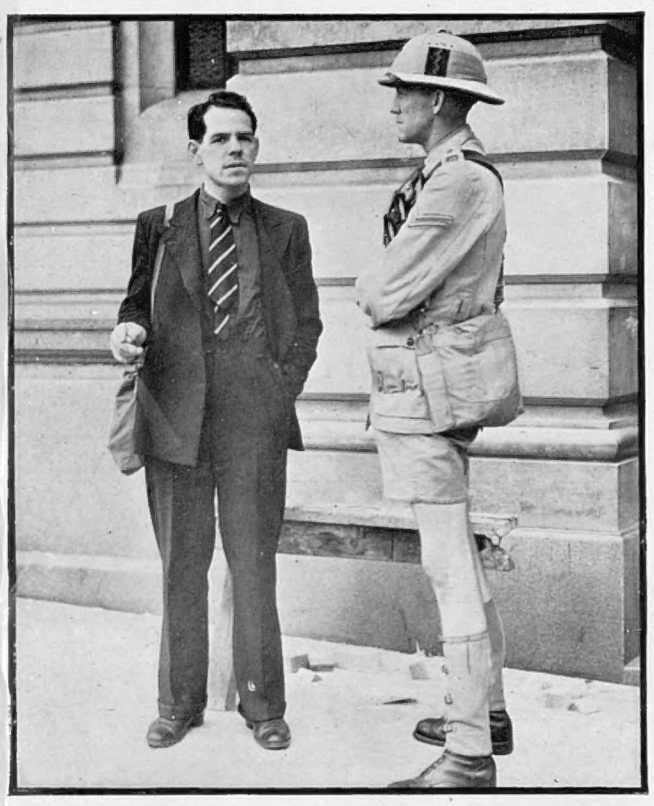


THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN RETURNS SAFELY TO ENGLAND

Sir Nevile Henderson is here seen with Sir Nevile Bland, British Ambassador to Holland, and his wife and son on his way back. After a brief delay he duly reached England

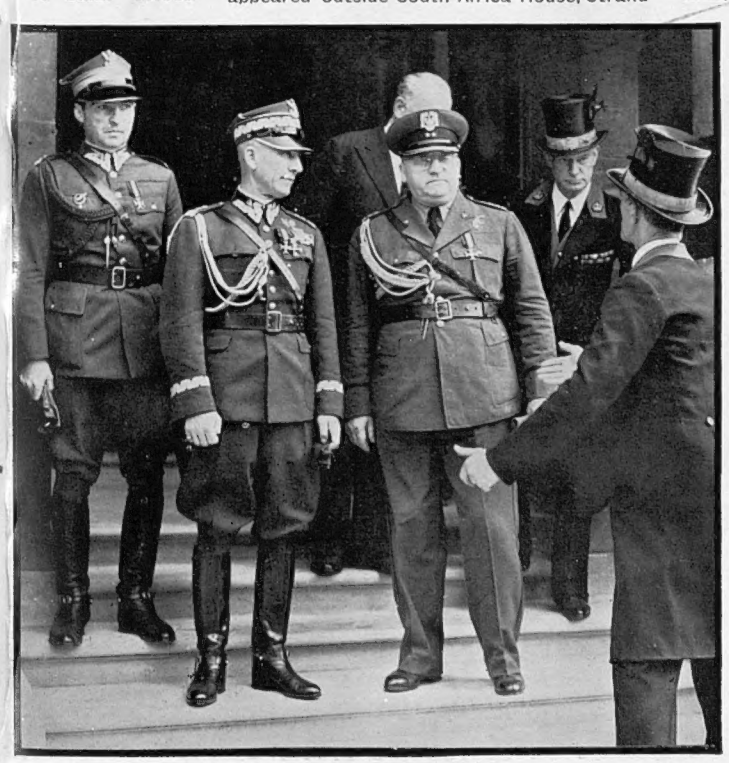
SLETTER—No. II

The chief distraction of Sunday last was a visit to the parks, which were thronged with people. The newspapers were well scanned. There was a general movement for tea, with the result that neighbouring Corner Houses were soon full to capacity



SOUTH AFRICA COMES IN AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE

The attempt to maintain neutrality by Mr. Hertzog was defeated and Mr. Smuts then took over. This South African consequently appeared outside South Africa House, Strand



THE POLISH MILITARY DELEGATION AFTER A WEEK-END CONFERENCE IN LONDON

The delegation are seen leaving the War Office after a conference. (Left to right)—Major Ilinski, General Norvid-Neugebauer, and Colonel Kwiecinski, the Polish Military Attache

the most cordial relations between our two countries, all reports of New York Stock Exchange tradings might be withheld from the British Press. If there is a section of business men and financiers in the States who are rubbing their hands over the prospect of a "good war," who will reap a harvest of gold from the harvest of death in Europe, it were better we were not daily notified of progress made. But, perhaps, while we fight her battle for democracy and freedom and decency, America will reconsider her attitude about the debts still owing to her on account of the late war to end war.

THE AWAKENING.—The last impression I received of intelligent and, in the main, "friendly" opinion in Germany of England and of British determination, was contained in a letter dated during the last week of August from a responsible Briton visiting friends in the Reich. This letter indicated how tremendous in the next few days will be the shock of awakening to the truth, so long concealed from Germans. When the German-Russian Pact was announced, his German hosts were jubilant. They had never thought a war even probable. "Now," said they, "it is impossible; you needn't worry any more." The writer was entertained in Marburg. There, his hosts were absolutely cocksure of getting Danzig and the Corridor back without bloodshed. The idea that England would intervene to prevent it was a huge joke. Another great joke among them was the British Territorial Army, and the current catchword, which was repeated in the writer's presence more than once, was: "Englishmen's cold feet in the winter-time make them snivel in summer-time." (Translation presumably loose.) In Stuttgart a cousin of his friends received him. The cousin said to him: "Every Englishman is a liar and a thief, and, which is goods for us Chermans, dey is cowards." This man admitted the possibility of war, but not over Danzig. "Colonies vill to Chermany; Ukraine perhaps." "Dis time," he added, "de whole world will not fight der Chermans." The writer met with no shortage of food, but believed that special efforts were made to entertain or impress him. Petrol was scarce by August 15.

ALIENS.—It may be that, as time goes on, some way may be found to separate the sheep from the goats in the enforcing of alien regulations. The difficulties are great and patience is needed by those enemy aliens who are friendly to Britain and opposed to Nazism. There is, no doubt, a strong case for treating Austrians in Britain on the same footing with Czech nationals. They suffered the same extinction by aggression, though, of course, the evidence of universal national opposition to the action of the Reich was by no means so strong. Yet it is to be hoped that, with time, dispensations will be accorded to all those technically-ranked enemy aliens whose sympathies with Britain's cause are put beyond doubt. It is not only justice but good policy. Above all, in this war we want to save ourselves from the charge of succumbing to those petty injustices and persecutions which the foul business breeds.

A FOOLISH ORDER.—When Sir John Anderson, speaking for all offices concerned in home defence measures, told us to reserve the right to translate central orders into terms applicable to local conditions, I believe he meant it. Unless we do so, all organisation will break down. Local heads *must* act on their own judgment and *use the resources they have*. And those resources, first and foremost, are the strength and nerve of their womenfolk. The most foolish order yet transmitted from headquarters in London to country centres was that which ordered that every warning signal of enemy planes must be telephoned to aid-posts who must stand by for the confirmation signal. What in practice does this mean? These aid-posts are manned by women who have trained in the necessary primary treatment of casualties, and have the necessary stores of bandages, splints, and so on, in their houses. These women have been and still are engaged in innumerable duties concerned with evacuation, their staffs are depleted, if they *have* any help, their houses are filled to double capacity; they have to cook and do for from two to ten children from London, as well as for their own, they must market and wash clothes and sew and continually have an eye to the screening of lights. By the time they go to bed each night, they have done a day's work far beyond their physical powers. And the central authority ordered that, whenever an unidentified plane is noted flying so broadly in their direction as to justify a warning signal, these women are to be called down, to dress and to wait in the small hours! It is an act of insanity to obey that foolish order. It is abundantly clear that every woman who has given her house and service for first-aid-post work will be awake and ready within 5 minutes of the dropping of the first bomb nearby and will still have a quarter-hour to wait for the first casualty to be brought to her. One of those fussy orders which emanate from the brains of meticulous clerks.

OBVIOUS ECONOMIES.—The case for continuing summer-time at least into the middle of October is very strong. It will economise in current, oil and candles, reduce the confusions and dangers of transport for workers and hauliers, and give to those who can enjoy it a little more sunshine and fresh air. It seems doubtful if the well-understood agricultural objection to continuance is so insuperable as to outweigh the advantages. It is to be remembered how often in peace-time we have considered the return to normal time premature. One other "economy" suggestion struck me as of vital and urgent consideration: the rationing of tobacco and spirits and the restriction of all forms of organised gambling to which so huge a proportion of the nation's earnings go. The points in favour of such measures seem strong enough to outweigh certain obvious objections. It need not imply the death of all comforts and relaxations for overworked men. That is mere exaggeration.

EXECUTIVE WOMEN.—In many village communities mere man must have been struck by the great outcrop of "executive" women—an expressive Americanism—which came up to the surface in the emergency. Women we thought quiet, shy, dreamy souls, once they had donned uniform, became tigers for organisation, strong if benevolent dictators, iron-willed directors. Then came the schools from London and at once it was seen that, in the clash of wills, the London teachers would go through our village ladies like hot knives through butter. I don't imply any lack of smoothness or relaxation of mutual helpfulness and good-will. But nothing was more impressive than the first clear impressions of character made by these teachers. Their energy was terrific, their sense of duty profound, their loyalty to their head, and to their own schools, complete. Many of them worked fourteen-hour days during evacuation. Having seen the children distributed in a hundred welcoming cottages and homes, and the children already beginning to settle down, these London teachers began to press towards greater perfection, to the regrouping of schools in closer areas. All this would imply an evacuation scheme within an evacuation scheme, for the buses were still coming in with fresh evacuees. It was an ideal which, in the opinion of the mere man, as he drove his car back and forth at the bidding of these London head-teachers, should be postponed until the last London child was finally disposed under some welcoming roof, for the village folk have after all put themselves willingly to a good deal of inconvenience. But if the teachers demand a regrouping instantly, it is clear that the teachers will have their way. Indeed, our village schools are already "taken over."

JAYS.—They are pretty birds with ugly voices. None of God's creatures has a more mocking, infuriating voice, not even Goebbels. One brood of jays this summer utterly destroyed my hopes of the garden. They stripped the peas, they had 80 per cent. of the beans, they had 75 per cent. of a fine apple crop before the fruit was half ripe. How many hours I and my gardener lay up for them behind "hides" with guns, I dare not compute. These birds have a sixth and seventh sense denied to all other fowl, even pigeons. They sense the presence of danger without use of eyes or ears or noses. Their patience exceeds that of Job and their cunning that of Satan.

THE OLD STAGER

A JAPANESE POINT CONCERNING SEA POWER

Hitler's "blunder" in making the Pact with Russia has forfeited for Germany the support both of Japan and Spain, and even Italy is wavering.

Admiral Ryozo Nakamura, former member of the Japanese War Council, made a very sapient point in an interview at the week-end.

"Hitler," he said, "is a man of the land who has neglected to take into sufficient consideration the decisive strength of Britain and France at sea."

The Editorial Staff of "The Sphere" has moved temporarily to "Hazelwood," King's Langley, Herts. All communications for the Editor should therefore be sent to the above address

WAR PICTURES from POLAND

WRECKAGE AT WESTERPLATTE AFTER THE SIX DAY SIEGE BY THE GERMANS

This picture shows the wreckage of cranes and machinery on the once busy quays of the narrow tongue of land opposite Danzig

THROUGH A BURNING POLISH VILLAGE DURING THE GERMAN FIRST ADVANCE

A German staff car and dispatch riders have pulled up to watch the destruction of these Polish buildings. *Below* — A wrecked Polish railway station after a bomb had twisted the rails in great loops

IN BOMBED WARSAW:

EFFECT OF A BOMB WHICH FELL BEHIND A BUILDING IN WARSAW

The buildings are evidently part of by their general layout and through the building, which has ture would appear to have been paned windows and those protec

RESULTS OF A DIRECT HIT ON A BLOCK OF WARSAW RESIDENTIAL FLATS

First Records of Conditions After Visits by German Air Raiders

a workmen's housing estate judging style; a gaping hole has been blown otherwise remained intact. The furni- subsequently removed. The smaller ted by strips have stood the blast best

A WIDE CRATER NEAR A HOUSE IN A WARSAW STREET

This bomb spent much of its force in dislodging the earthy soil under the street surface. The earth was thrown up against the house but its structure does not seem to have been materially hurt. Bombs have also fallen in Warecka Street, near Napoleon Square, where the sixteen-storey Prudential Assurance building stands, but no spectacular damage is recorded

This picture is the one which shows most damage of any yet received by us. There was evidently a direct hit, bringing down the floors on one side of the block

WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN AEROPLANE SHOT DOWN ON WARSAW OUTSKIRTS

In Warsaw itself great excitement was caused in Marszalkowaka Street, the Piccadilly of the city, when a German pilot of a shot-down plane alighted safely by parachute in the middle of the road just in front of a policeman on point duty. The constable was able to escort the German to the nearest police station after "unharnessing" him from his parachute

ON THE ENG

During the Second

A VERY NECESSARY PROTECTION BY CAMOUFLAGE

There has been a stream of unorganised trekkers to the countryside, and camps are being set up by local authorities on commons and elsewhere. It is very necessary that the tents should be well screened

REUNIONS OF FATHERS AND FAMILIES WERE A NOTE OF THE WEEK-END

SOLDIERS HAVE STRANGE QUARTERS AT A WELL-KNOWN RACECOURSE

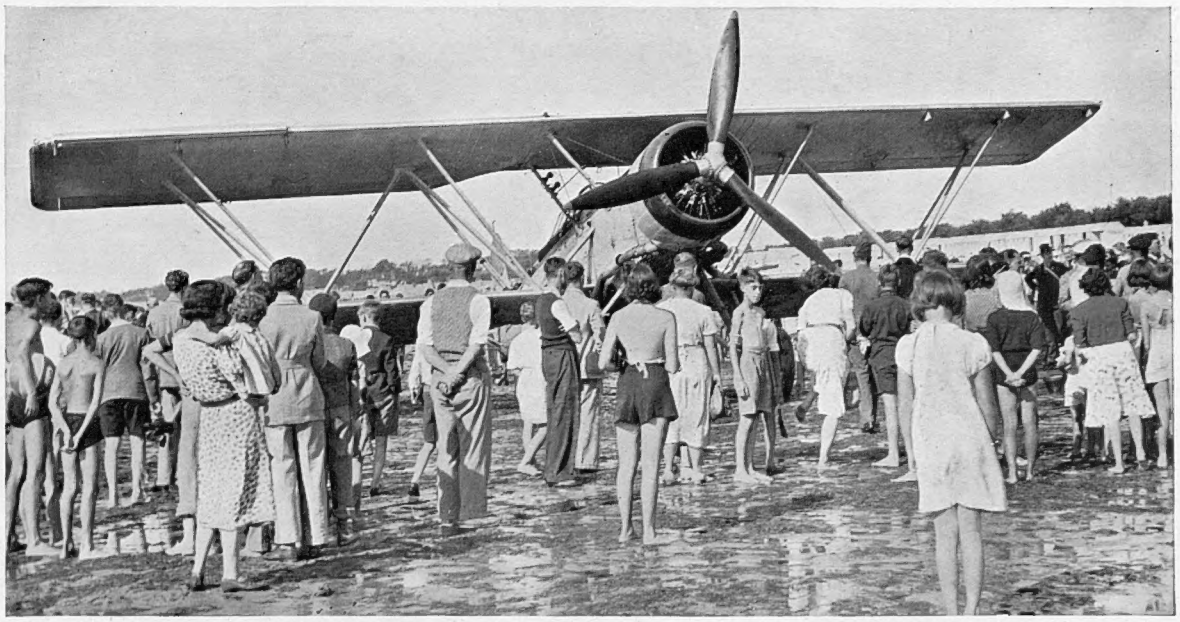
The soldiers sleep in the boxes where the lights of society usually sit for the races. *Below on the extreme left* is Nobby Key, Wimbledon speedway rider, with other dispatch riders attached to the Auxiliary Fire Brigade

KEEPING THE NEWSREEL RUNNING UNDER DIFFICULT CONDITIONS

LISH COUNTRYSIDE

Week-end of the Hitler War

In many districts the voluntarily evacuated families had a glimpse of father at the week-end. The roads were crowded with the cars of these visiting parents



EXCITEMENT ON THE BEACH WHEN A WAR PLANE DESCENDS

Somewhere on the sea coast a plane had to descend, requiring a skilful avoidance of the people on the beach

CHILDREN FROM THE SOUTHERN END OF BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE IN THE ROLLING WEST COUNTRY

The Somerset hosts and hostesses are looking after batches of children from the south side of the Thames. The children are in the prettiest rolling country for which this county is famous. *Below*—"Charlie" is first through "the kissing gate"

Now that cinemas have been opened at various points the newsreel is once more giving current news in motion

When the torpedo struck the Athenia *on the port side No. 5 hatch blew up, scattering several passengers in all directions. Five died as a result of this first explosion. The incident is described here by a survivor*

How the "Athenia" Sank

The Moment of Attack and the Subsequent Rescues, Illustrated by D. Macpherson, who Personally Interviewed a Number of Survivors

Considering that the *Athenia* kept afloat for 16 hours after being struck, the interesting question arises whether if the proper salvage tugs had been available in reasonable time, it might not have been possible to salvage the *Athenia*.

Mr. Charles Van Newkirk, marine engineer of Boston, Mass., gave the following account to Mr. Macpherson: "I joined the *Athenia* at Belfast on Sunday evening, September 3, at twenty minutes to eight by my watch. I was standing on the starboard side of the ship, near No. 5 hatch, when contact was made by the torpedo without any warning whatever. The explosion of gases came right up the trunk of the hatch. I did not see the submarine because the ship was attacked from the port side. Some people were reclining on the hatch. The effect of the explosion was like a heavy door slamming. The hatch went up in the air, and the people reclining on it went up in the air also, and then went down the hatch. All lights went out and the main engines stopped immediately. The ship took a port list of about 2 or 3 degrees. Women became somewhat panic-stricken, but very soon everyone quietened down to some extent and started getting their life-boat equipment and going for the boats. Some confusion reigned among the women getting into the boats. About four people were killed outright in the vicinity of the hatch.

"The sailors and stewards did admirable work in getting boats over the side. I was in No. 7 boat (bailed). Because of the swell it was extremely difficult getting people into the boats, which were equipped with five oars, spar, gaff, rudder, can of red flares. No tiller. Fortunately my boat made very little water.

"The Norwegian vessel *Knute Nelson* came to our aid, all hands on the starboard side of their vessel. One life-boat went alongside on their port side and unfortunately *Knute Nelson* accelerated her main engines—going ahead—and drew left in the wake of the propeller, which fouled that boat, breaking it up and casting the occupants into the water. We were picked up in the morning of September 4 around six o'clock by one of H.M. destroyers.

"We were landed in Greenock in the forenoon of Sept. 5 and were shown every kindness and consideration by the people of Glasgow and Greenock. In my opinion I will state definitely that the attack was made by a torpedo without warning. I have not the slightest doubt of that."

Five of a party of sixteen American college girls were accompanied by Miss Strain, the chaperone. One of the girls had injured a shoulder and was taken to hospital. The spirit of these American girls won admiration.

Miss Strain said that two of the rescued girls, sisters named Catherine and Louise Mackay, were in a lifeboat which was ripped open by the propellers of one of the rescue vessels.

"Forty people in the lifeboat were thrown into the sea, and ten, including the two girls, clung to wreckage for many hours before being taken aboard another lifeboat."

The injured girl, Helen Hannay, hurt her shoulder when a lifeboat dropped from the davits to the water. Most of the girls went back to their rooms after the ship was struck, picked up their purses and lifebelts, and went to their stations.

Miss Strain is strongly of opinion that two torpedoes struck the *Athenia*. British destroyers arrived on the scene at full speed, and while one went in search of the U-boat the others carried on with the work of rescuing passengers.

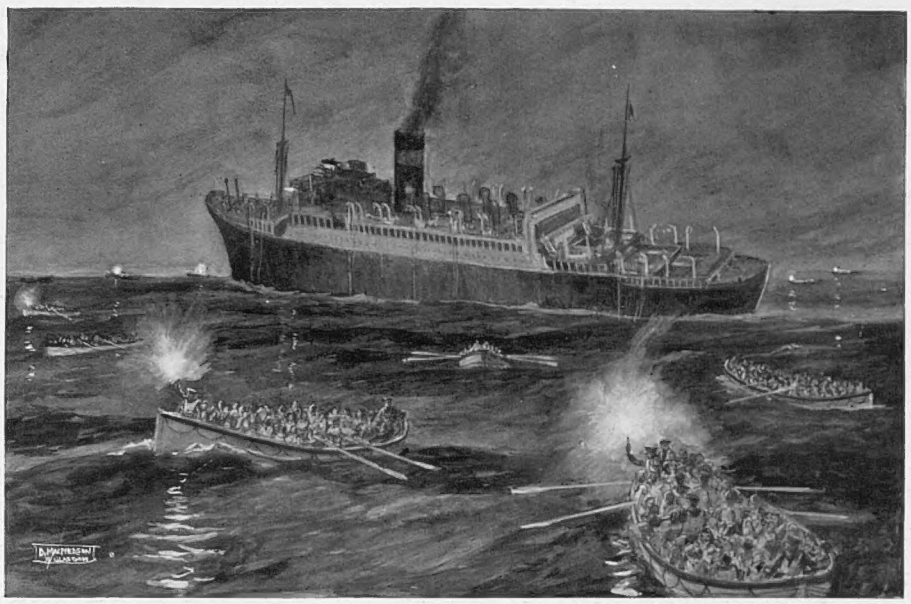
GLASGOW, Sunday, September 10.

IT was fortunate for the survivors of the torpedoed *Athenia*, writes our special artist, that though there was a heavy swell on the sea it was otherwise a fine night, without much wind but occasional light showers, that it did not begin to blow. Had it done so this long-drawn-out drama would have become a tragedy of the first rank. As it was, the heavily-loaded boats shipped water from the heavy swell, and most of the occupants had to bail out the water to prevent them from being swamped.

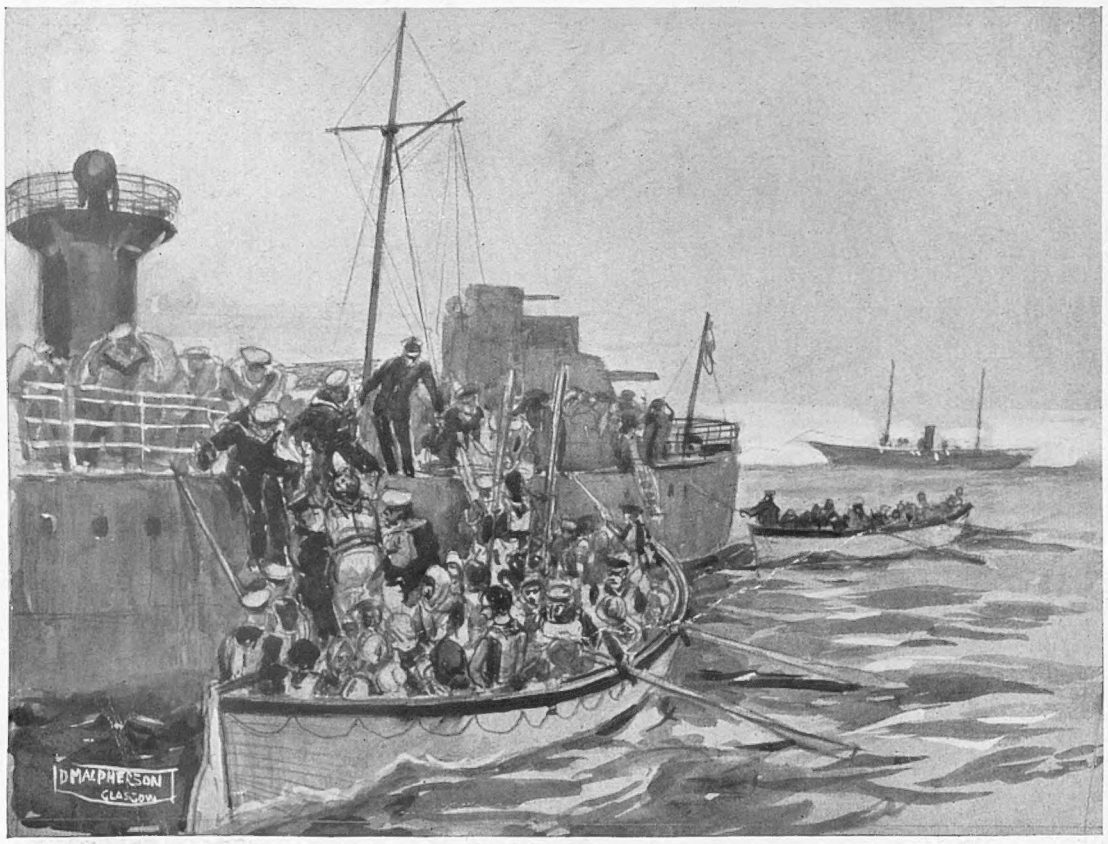
The sinking of the *Athenia* had distinct phases. The ship carried many women and children as passengers, most of them going home to the U.S. and Canada. Many were delicately-nurtured elderly ladies—to whom an Atlantic swell of any kind means being on the sick list in their cabins. The vessel was hit by the torpedo just about 7.30 p.m., in bright daylight when many of the passengers were at dinner.

The impact caused the entire ship to be lifted about six inches and she then subsided to a list of several degrees on the port side. The torpedo hit the *Athenia* on the port side, in No. 5 hold, just near the mainmast.

In three quarters of an hour all the boats had left the ship, and then started the second phase when the boats, filled with, in some cases, half-dressed women and children, were to cruise at some distance from the *Athenia* burning red flares to attract attention. Many of the passengers got wet and chilled. At midnight arrived the Norwegian ship the *Knute Nelson* three or four hours after the *Athenia* was torpedoed, and proceeded with the rescue. She was followed by the steam yacht *Southern Cross*. Upon the arrival of the destroyers at 3 a.m. it was felt the risky rescue work could more safely be carried out when there was some light. This was done between 5 and 6 a.m. The vessel itself was afloat till 11 a.m.



When the passengers had taken to the boats they hung round the Athenia, *rocking in the heavy swell. Flares were lit during the night, making an eerie scene. Water constantly lapped into the overloaded boats. It was not until 5 and 6 a.m. the following morning that the rescue work could be seriously tackled*



As the boats rose and fell at the sides of the destroyers the passengers had to be grabbed by the sailors on deck. A survivor says that he finds it difficult to put into words his admiration for the cheering help of the Navy. The steam yacht Southern Cross *is seen in the background*

FRENCHMEN IN LONDON REJOIN THE COLOURS

OFF TO FIGHT FOR FRANCE: French Reservists marching across Westminster Bridge with flags flying after they had reported and been registered at the French Consulate. As in the Great War of 1914–18, the response of Frenchmen overseas—in all lands—was immediate and unhesitating. Many emotional scenes were witnessed, laughter and tears mingling in true Gallic fashion

A BIVOUAC UNDER THE TREES: French Reservists, called up for service, enjoying lunch (and a bottle of wine) under the trees in Bedford Square whilst waiting to register. Each man had previously been warned to bring his midday rations!

FRANCE IN LONDON: GOOD-BYES BEFORE THE DEPARTURE: Of all the armed forces in Europe, the French Army is the most highly organised. All Frenchmen of military age are soldiers—even Ministers in the Cabinet. As soon as war was declared, all Frenchmen in Britain were ordered to report to their Consulates: and the pictures on this page show how the response was made

LONDON IN THE DAYTIME AND

GETTING SOMEHOW TO TOWN AFTER THE AIR RAID WARNING DELAY OF WEDNESDAY OF LAST WEEK

The seven-to-nine-o'clock warning meant that three hours' suburban traffic massed up at a few minutes past nine. There was tremendous congestion at certain points, but by 9.30 and 10 a.m. the assistants were all back behind the counters of the great stores and everybody had sorted himself or herself out

ENTERTAINMENT? IN WAR-TIME

ALTHOUGH a spot of from-the-horse's-mouth information leads me to think that by the time you read this the theatres and cinemas, at least to some limited extent and under certain conditions, will have reopened, at the moment of writing we are completely without public entertainment of any kind whatsoever, and Roman London was never darker o' nights nor duller. That is one of the blessings, of course, for which the aeroplane must be thanked.

In the face of military necessity all talk of the parlous condition of the theatre for the time being is just as much a waste of time, or worse, as to question that necessity. None the less, sundry eminent people have questioned it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, within forty-eight hours of the outbreak of war, wrote to *The Times* to the effect that the closure of theatres and picture-houses was "a master-stroke of unimaginative stupidity," and topped this with the Shavian suggestion, asked in the form of an ironic question, that some agent of Hitler had given the tip for the black-out. Sir Oswald Stoll was even earlier in the field with a letter emphasising that "entertainment is necessary to the moral of the people," that complete black-outs are excessive, and that no lives were lost in theatres during the last war. And Lady Oxford and Asquith weighs in, a good third, with determined support for Mr. Shaw, and the remark that "war is not only dangerous but dull," and that as much diversion as possible is necessary.

Now these are the opinions of three brainy and experienced persons. They are not talking out of the backs of their distinguished necks. But we have just got to abide by the official decision and be as cheerful about it as possible. And as long as the black-out remains in full force it is certain that, even if theatres were allowed to open at night, they would scarcely secure sufficient audiences to make that re-opening a commercial proposition.

The streets as I write are wrapped in such impenetrable blackness that the question of getting home, not only to outlying suburbs, but to streets within a reasonable distance of the theatre, is a matter both of difficulty and of danger. So strict is the regulation against showing the faintest glimmer that grim official warnings have just been issued about the light shown by the opening door when someone leaves a public-house. I trust the authorities realise that people must leave them sometimes. . . .

To point out, as some have, the excellent charitable work done by the theatrical profession in peace as well as in war, the damnably hard luck that members of it should be penalised in this fashion, the gallant war record of certain actors in the past is (though no one doubts the truth of such arguments) pathetically futile when one is up against the brick wall of an official decision during a period of peril which this country has never known before and will, please God, never know again.

Mr. Shaw may be right—I don't say he is but he may be—in thinking that the black-out is doing infinitely more harm than good. But Mr. Shaw is not in command of our destinies; we must put our faith in those who are and be as cheerful about it as may be. If we cannot be cheerful, well, then, we must be miserable, and lump it.

Lady Oxford is perfectly right in saying that war is not only dangerous but dull; but we must not lose sight of the fact that it *is* dangerous and that efforts to make it less dull may make it more dangerous. Comparisons with the last war are, in this respect, quite irrelevant. This is a different affair altogether. The old slogans about "Business as usual" etc., the keep-London-gay-for-the-lads-home-on-leave motto simply will not apply. It looks very much as if soldiers on leave and civilians on the home front will have to find their cheer and their relaxation—and it is not questioned that they will manage to find both somehow—in other ways than in visiting theatres, at least in the sense that they visited them from 1914–18.

LONDON AFTER DARK:

Pictured by Camera and Described By PHILIP PAGE

LONDON IN THE DAYTIME IS A PLACID ENOUGH PLACE THIS EARLY SEPTEMBER

The daylight hours in the parks and elsewhere are merry and bright, but it is when daylight wanes and the pall of blackness falls that the people begin to feel the stress of war-time conditions. They close up every crevice and sit down to the evening meal —and then listen to the mellifluous voice—"Here is a further announcement . . . ."*

At the same time, a little retrospect does no harm. Particularly for those of us who remember the last war, it is interesting to recall those war-time successes. The majority of these could not boast of much in the matter of artistic or any other merit save the important one of going far towards giving people happiness during a trying time.

For it seems strange to recall that the slump which followed the outbreak of war was succeeded by a record boom in theatre-land which lasted, roughly, from the latter part of 1915 to the Armistice and remained for some time after that. Huge profits were made; for the troops crowded any show which had cheery music and a comely chorus or which made them laugh.

The Bing Boys, with Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. George Robey at the top of their form, filled the Alhambra for a long, long time, as did that absurd farce, *A Little Bit of Fluff*, at the Criterion. *Chu Chin Chow* started at His Majesty's in August, 1916, and ran for 2,238 performances. These had an entertainment value quite apart from the conditions under which they were produced, but there is little doubt that those conditions directly enhanced their success, which was enormous.

I recall, on the other hand, the grim irony of a feeble farce, *What a Catch!*, being performed at the Duke of York's during an air-raid, and even an air-raid during the first performance of a new revue. There was little or no panic in the theatre during such raids, though some absurdities—as when an American star of great loveliness but little talent exclaimed, in all seriousness, when told that a Zeppelin was directly over the theatre, "Why don't they have it arrested?" And, as Sir Oswald Stoll has remarked, there were no casualties.

And the war-time songs of those days. "Tipperary," "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-bag," and Ivor Novello's "Keep the Home Fires Burning" were essentially the songs for the troops, and very good songs they are in their way. More essentially of the theatre were the songs of those brilliant revues at the Palace, written by Arthur Wimperis, with music by that dear genial soul, Herman Finck, who died a few months ago and thus was spared the present horror.

I can see now Arthur Playfair and Nelson Keys (both dead) singing, dressed as sentries, "The Optimist and the Pessimist." Basil Hallam (killed in that war) sang "Gilbert the Filbert," and Gwendoline Brogden (still with us, though she has not acted for years) sang "On Sunday I Walk Out with a Soldier"—a Rabelaisian version of which was very popular among the troops. And Nat D. Ayer gave us a tuneful treat in the sentimental "If You Were the Only Girl in the World."

Will the theatre give us as good topical stuff as this in the present trouble? Yes, I think so—if it is allowed to.

Such scope will not be given to the extent it was five-and-twenty years ago. But, as I have hinted, the theatre will again function, war or no war. Matinee performances in London may be deemed as a tolerable certainty in the near future. Then there are the provincial cities, which—there is no getting away from the fact—must be regarded as "safer"; in these, except for the repertory companies, the Drama has been wilting sadly for years. The present trouble may give it a fillip.

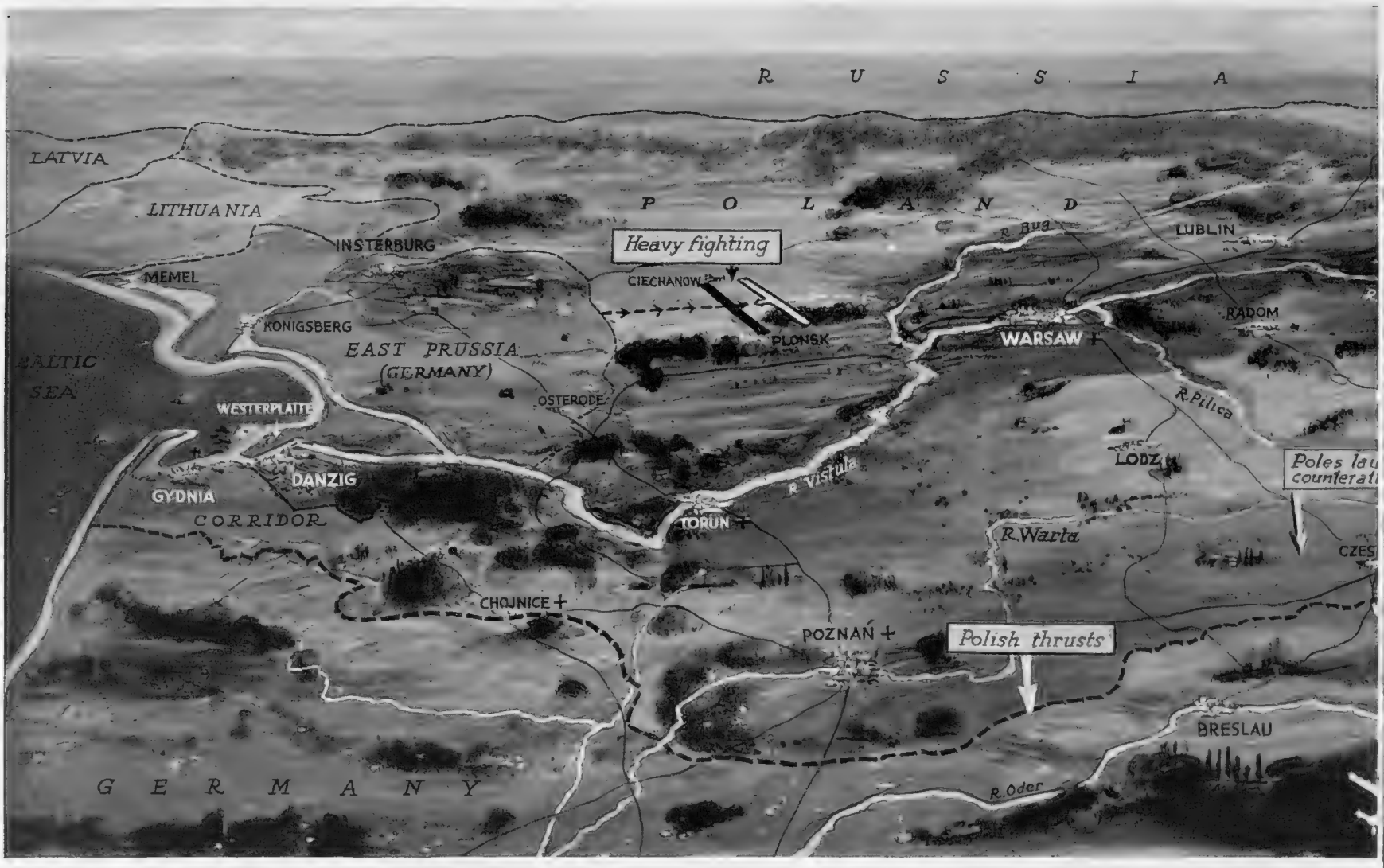
No, the outlook, though not too good, is not a black as the streets.

Meanwhile, managers are by no means inactive. One or two have joined up. Others have plans in plenty, and plays rehearsed, which can be put into operation the moment the authorities give the word. Sir Seymour Hicks, Mr. Basil Dean, and Mr. Harold Holt, the concert impresario, are busy with schemes for providing the troops with amusement of various kinds. Staffs in theatres are being trained for A.R.P. work. And some London successes are, of course, ready to resume their runs at any moment.

It is only a question of suspended animation. The theatre will never die. Not even the greatest war in history will kill it.

* It was reported on Friday of last week that certain cinemas would be re-opened.

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE GERMAN



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE POLISH WAR AREA AS SEEN FROM THE WEST

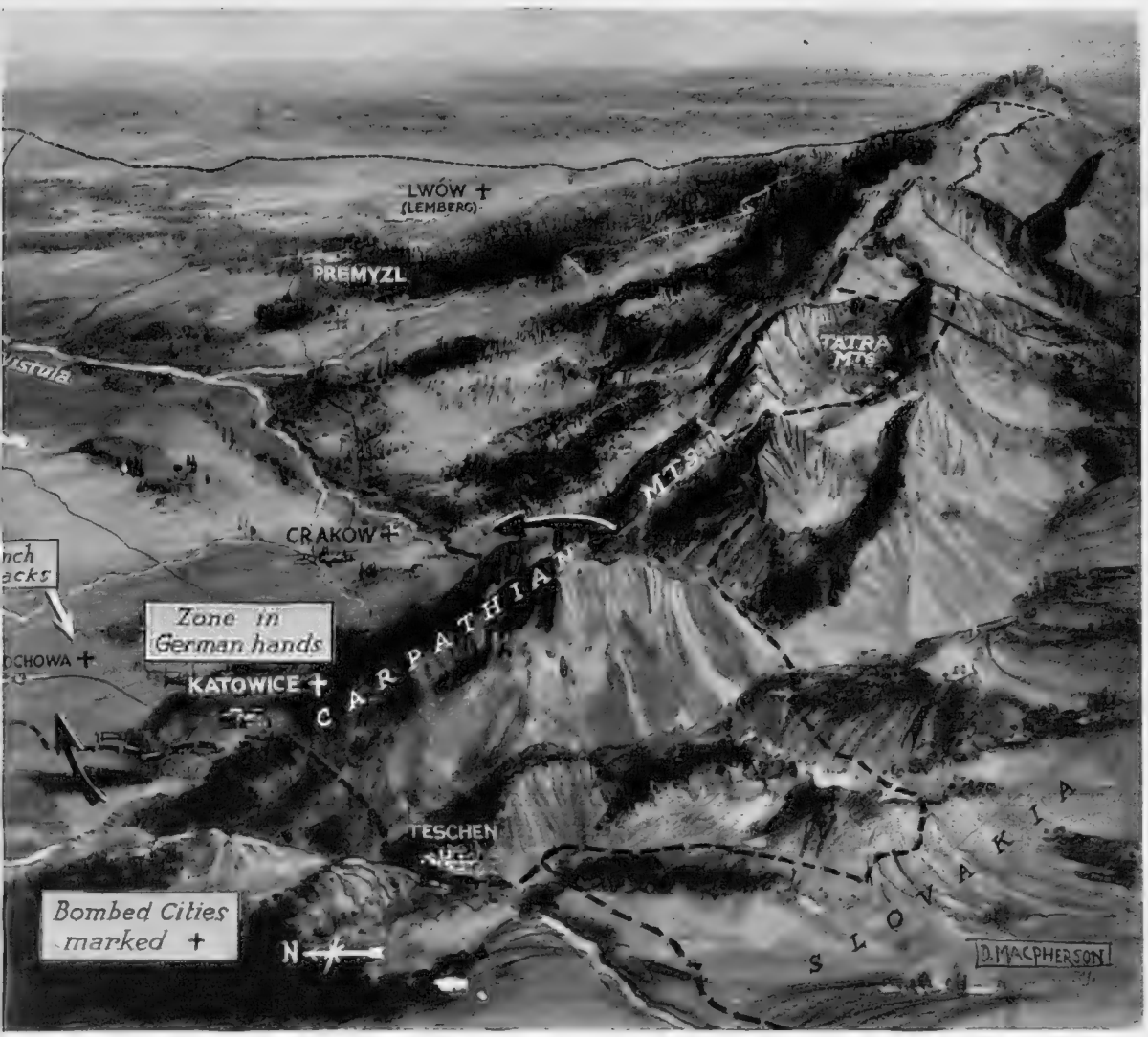
A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION DURING THE GERMAN ADVANCE

The road and transport connections generally are in a wretched condition. Here is part of a broken canal lock

THE ATTACK ON THE WESTERPLATTE MUNITION STATION OUTSIDE DANZIG

THRUST AGAINST POLAND:

Illustrated by Diagram and by the First German War Photographs to be Received in this Country

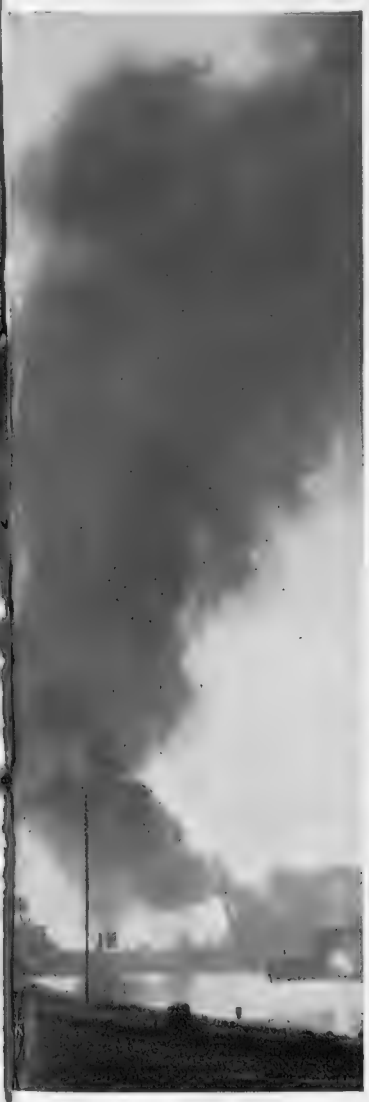


Drawn by D. Macpherson

To the left of the view is the Baltic, with Gdynia, Danzig, Westerplatte, and East Prussia beyond. Polish thrusts were made in the area shown in the left foreground, but at the same time the Germans were pressing in through Katowice, Czestochowa, towards Cracow, and points to the north-west of Warsaw. To the right lies Teschen and the mass of the Carpathians. In the background is Lublin, to which the Polish Government retired last week

GERMAN MOTORISED UNITS PASSING THROUGH A CORRIDOR TOWN: The few citizens on the pavement are vigorously saluting the newcomers

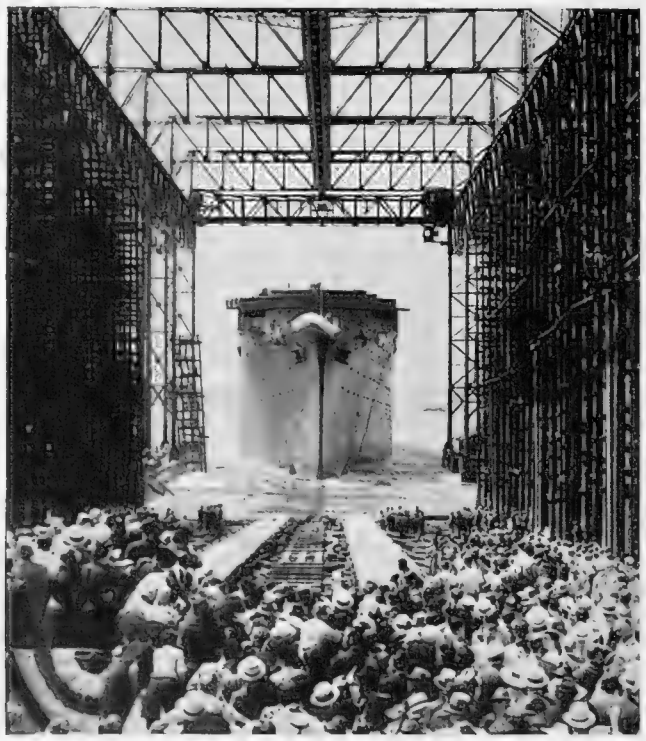
SKETCH MAP OF THE FIRST GERMAN THRUST: The black line shows approximately the German line extending from the district south of Bromberg towards Cracow in the south. *Below*—The German cruiser *Schleswig Holstein* pounding away at the Westerplatte position



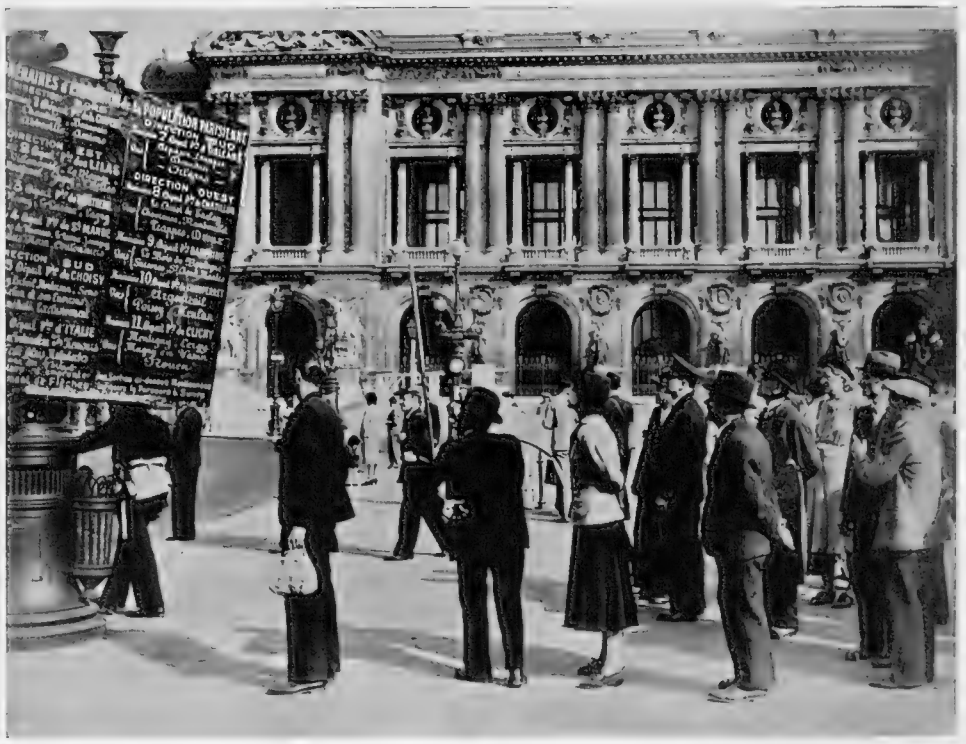
The Polish oil and petrol tanks caught alight under the intensive fire from the German cruiser

OVER ROUGH ROADS DURING THE GERMAN ADVANCE

German tanks advancing through a Polish village. *Below*—An anti-aircraft gun fixed on a barge



LAUNCH OF THE U.S. MERCANTILE FLEET FLAGSHIP The S.S. *America*, the largest Yankee ship, slipped safely into the water on August 31 after being christened by Mrs. Roosevelt



GENERAL MOBILISATION AFFECTS THE WHOLE POPULATION OF PARIS Large notices were posted in the French capital, giving notification of routes of evacuation and so forth

ENEMY SHIPS AT SEA—German Liner Positions at the Outbreak of War

BERLIN, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1925, 15,286 tons. Under repair in Germany after casualty.*

BREMEN, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1929, 51,731 tons. Left New York, August 30.*

CAP ARCONA, *Hamburg South American steamer, built 1927, 27,561 tons. Arrived Hamburg, August 25.*

COLUMBUS, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1922, 32,565 tons. Left Havana, September 1, after landing cruise passengers.*

DEUTSCHLAND, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1923, 21,046 tons. Left Southampton, August 24, for Hamburg.*

EUROPA, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1928, 49,746 tons. At Bremen.*

GNEISENAU, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1935, 18,160 tons. At Bremerhaven.*

HAMBURG, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1926, 22,117 tons. Due New York, September 1, from Hamburg.*

HANSA, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1923, 21,131 tons. At Hamburg.*

MILWAUKEE, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1929, 16,624 tons. In German waters.*

NEW YORK, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1927, 22,337 tons. Left New York, August 28, for Hamburg.*

POTSDAM, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1935, 17,528 tons. Left Hamburg, August 19, for Far East.*

PRETORIA, *German East Africa Line's steamer, built 1936, 16,662 tons. At Lourenço Marques.*

RELIANCE, *Hamburg American steamer, built 1920, 19,580 tons. At Hamburg, with fire damage.*

ST. LOUIS, *Hamburg American motorship, built 1929, 16,732 tons. Left New York, August 28, for Hamburg.*

SCHARNHORST, *North German Lloyd steamer, built 1935, 18,184 tons. In Japanese waters.*

WINDHUK, *Woermann steamer, built 1936, 16,662 tons. At Lourenço Marques.*

Some vessels were in dangerous positions. They are in blacker type. Others had reached home waters.

A NEUTRAL TANKER PUTS IN A SPOT OF RESCUE WORK FROM THE BRITISH STEAMER "ATHENIA" The Norwegian tanker *Knute Nelson* steaming into Galway Bay with 430 survivors from the torpedoed steamer *Athenia*. Some eighty survivors were also reported back at Glasgow on Thursday of last week

SURVIVORS FROM THE "ATHENIA" TELL THEIR STORY

A GIRL PASSENGER, RESCUED FROM THE "ATHENIA," TELLS HER STORY TO THE REPORTERS AT GALWAY

Pathetic scenes were witnessed at Galway last week when 430 survivors from the *Athenia*, rescued by the Norwegian tanker *Knute Nelson*, were landed there. Many heart-rending stories were told. As they were brought down the gangway from the tender some of the women passengers were insensible, some were injured. Parents anxiously sought their children; children cried for their parents; and Galway stood by to assist the scantily-clad passengers after their ordeal. But this maiden, with characteristic sangfroid of youth, tells of her experience with crisp precision

INJURED PASSENGERS COME ASHORE IN BLANKETS

Typical scenes at Galway when the Norwegian steamer brought in her rescued passengers

THE SURVIVORS of the BRITISH STEA

SURVIVORS CROWDING THE DECK OF THE NORWEGIAN VESSEL "KNUTE NELSON"

HOW THE PASSENGERS FROM THE "ATHENIA" CAME ASHORE: These four pi
in a blanket accompanied by three women in varied garb, and a tall woman in a
Theodora (Toronto) and Virginia (Detroit). Many more were missing t

AMER "ATHENIA": Sunk by a German Torpedo Which Was the First Shot Fired in the Western War

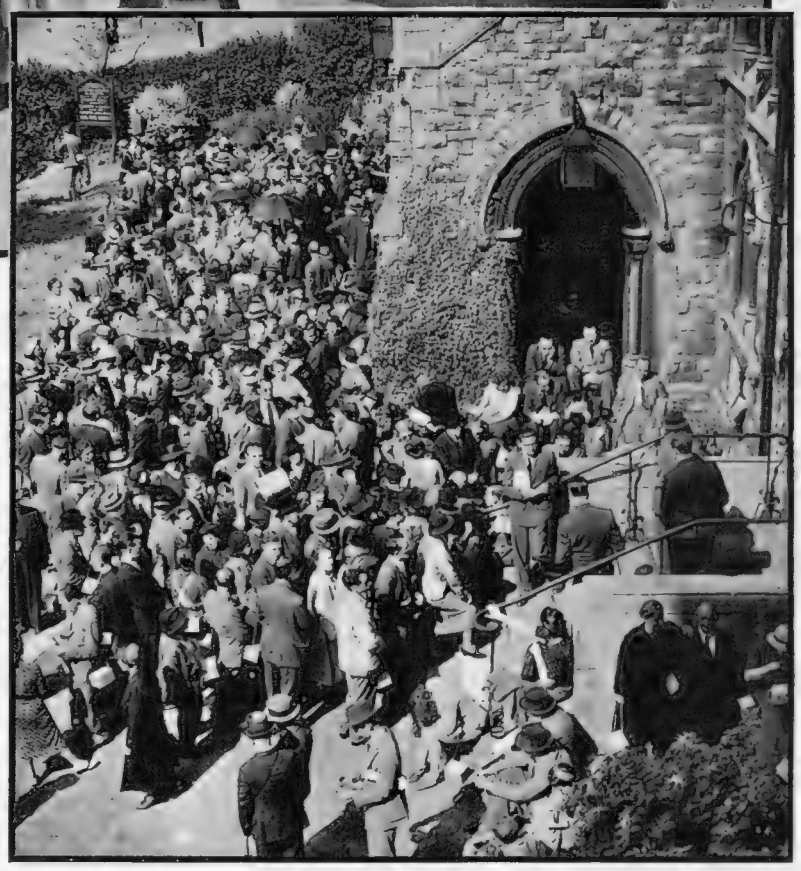
The scene as the rescue steamer drew alongside the quay at Galway was an extraordinary one. Hatless figures, wrapped in blankets, stood among others more fully clothed. All were being helped by military and civil guards of Eire

our pictures give vivid impressions of the scenes witnessed at Galway. A baby wrapped in a ship's blanket were followed by three nice-looking children, little Margot (London), sing than was at first supposed, numbers being drowned from capsized boats

ENEMY ALIENS REGISTER in London

And the Irish and Americans Seek to Leave

Below—Aliens lined up at Bow Street in order to register under the new regulations. *Right*—There was such a great rush of aliens at Golders Green where a church had to be requisitioned



ANOTHER CHURCH HELPS TO GRAPPLE WITH THE ALIEN REGISTRATION RUSH

A scene at Hampstead when the crowd of aliens was at its largest. All cases are examined with care and consideration, there being no desire to treat enemy aliens harshly

THE AMERICANS IN LONDON AND THE IRISH SEEK TO LEAVE

Above—Americans outside the United States Lines offices. *On left*—A group of Irish at the Eire High Commissioner's office

THE QUEEN CARRIES HER GAS-MASK on her Rounds of Inspection

Two impressions of Her Majesty during war days fully equipped (like every other Londoner) with handbag and gas-mask in satchel. The Queen had just visited the British Red Cross Society's headquarters, her characteristic smile in evidence as usual

OFF TO THE GREAT ADVENTURE

"And father had hold of his hand"—a phrase which took on a heartfelt meaning when the great trek was in progress

THE GREAT TREK TO

How the Tens of Thousands of Children in the Varying Surroundings in Which the Journey Into That Mysterious

A First-hand Description by NOEL THOMPSON

TO move in four days 3,000,000 mothers and children to safety areas away from crowded towns sounds in cold print a reasonably simple thing to do, if the plans are correctly made. True, you may admit that such a mass evacuation has never before happened in the world, and therefore there is little previous experience to go by, but still it could be done.

It *was* done, and I maintain that it was a miracle of organisation, and not a simple transmigration. For two days I was the humblest of workers in the thick of it, and I take off my hat successively to the L.C.C., the Board of Education, the Ministry of Health, the teachers, the railways, the transport companies, and the organised workers. And finally, the biggest and longest hat raising of all to the British mothers, and to the children.

It is easy to be proud of your nationality in the heat of battle, of their calmness in an air raid, but there is a courage, a generosity too, even beyond that. As I hope to show. I must necessarily confine myself to some first-hand experiences, but I have since found that the stories I have to tell were duplicated all over the country.

From the London area alone 640,000 children were evacuated in three days, and safely installed in billets on strange people, in strange towns, supplied with food, blankets, beds (in almost every case), carefully listed, visited by teachers, and if a tear was shed it was mainly due to weariness, or, on the mother's part, to worries about her husband. In two days I saw more of the British milk of human kindness poured out than you would find in a lifetime of normality.

Officially, according to Mr. Herbert Morrison, to whom a vast amount of credit must go, the evacuation occurred without a hitch. That is true. But unofficially, human nature being human nature, and only human, hitches did occur, and it was at such times that the British character showed at its best, with humour, patience and complete good temper. To such an extent that if there were a word such as "hitchlet," or a less clumsy combination than "minor incident," I would use it.

It might not be fair to indicate exactly at which distributing station some of the following stories originated, but I was working in the Brighton and Hove area, and that must suffice. Brighton's contingent amounted to some 40,000, and Hove to about half that number. As many as 14,000 arrived in twelve hours at the one station and were without fuss segregated, distributed, and safely delivered in plenty of time for an early bed.

I found myself working beside a High Court judge, Mr. Justice J. D. Cassels. He had heard that voluntary help was needed to deliver parties, and within half an hour he had driven across from his home and had a car load of two mothers and five children. His cheerful friendly manner soon made them feel at home and he was in popular demand as a chauffeur. This should be put on record as the first of His Majesty's judges to get to practical physical work in this war.

Here is another cameo. The chairman of the local dog-racing stadium, Mr. Charles Wakeling, an accountant in professional life, had asked for four boys, and received them. As soon as he heard of new arrivals he reported and asked for two more—the limit of capacity.

Just before I left one of the smallest approached Mrs. Wakeling and said, "Can I stay here always, please? Mummy will never miss one in a family of six." And was he a little devil twenty-four hours before? But now he is cleaning his own shoes, making his bed, working in the garden with a roller which he can only just move, washing up, laying the table, and weeping if he is not allowed to do the heavy sandbag work which the bigger boys can manage.

That is a happy cameo. Here is another one. It fell to me to find billets for a woman with three children, the youngest aged fourteen months and the oldest aged five. Billets for a party of four are not easy to find.

DOORWAY TO A NEW LIFE: At this village portal, the boys and girls were smilingly received and soon their kit-bags were deposited and the great journey had landed them in the wonderful land of "Away"

Heaven bless Mrs. G., aged about sixty, with a daughter and four grandchildren already in her house. In five minutes she had turned out a front room, put on the kettle for some tea, run through the history of her children and children in general, produced a lovely teddy bear ("who belonged to my Mary who died") and made everyone feel at home.

The happy way that mother and three children flopped into chairs and gazed at this ministering angel who was giving them sanctuary made a picture I shall never forget. A large house? No, a tiny house, but a new home, crowded as it might be.

Then take nine-year-old Ronald and eleven-year-old Joan from Croydon. They had been awakened by the air raid sirens at 3 a. m., travelled all day without sleep, and found that the quarters allotted to them were tiny, damp, and dark in a basement. Naturally they cried, but billets were at a premium.

Up came a cheerful young man, played with them, took them in his car, gave them a very welcome drink of fizzy lemonade, and made them laugh by saying "If you don't like that lemonade we won't pay for it."

They liked it—and him. Their weary red-rimmed eyes sparkled. He found a lovely villa in the country (belonging to a complete stranger)

AMONG THE FLOWERS OF A HOME COUNTY REFUGE: Showing the children the various wild flowers of the district

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THE SANDBAG INDUSTRY : All Hands to the Gritty Work

A BIG AIR RAID SHELTER SOMEWHERE IN NORTH LONDON

The sandbag-filling industry has reached a crescendo note in parts of North London. Fortress-like structures have been erected at spots where the public might be in the streets or need special protection

EVERYONE LENDS A HAND AT FILLING

It is warm work handling the heavy sandbags and wielding the spade, but all have enjoyed this vigorous work

SIR A. BAILEY'S DAUGHTER WEDS: Miss Ann Bailey, second daughter of Sir Abe Bailey, and Mr. Pierce Synnott, son of the late Mr. Nicholas Synnott and Mrs. Synnott, seen after their wedding at Brompton Oratory last week

TERRIER MARRIES TERRIER: Captain A. D. Cowdy and his bride, Miss P. Holt, second in command of a company of A.T.S., leaving Chelsea Old Church last week

MR. PETER B. HAGUE and Miss Rosemary Shuckburgh, carrying a lovely bouquet, seen after their marriage at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Gardens. Mr. Hague is a nephew of Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C.

CARRYING THEIR GAS-MASKS: Capt. E. V. Marcus, Royal Artillery (T.A.), and Miss Betty Coussens after their wedding at Caxton Hall. They are seen being heartily congratulated by a Red Cross nurse

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

The Life and Death of the Prince Imperial

An Engrossing Study of the Son of Napoleon III, and Other Books of the Week

ON a late spring day in 1856 the Tuileries saw a memorable sight—the birth of a little prince, the last to be born in that huge, magnificent, uncomfortable palace, with Eugenie as his mother and the amiable, ineffective Napoleon III as his father. As has so often happened in the case of a royal birth, the Empress suffered greatly, for not even the medical advice was disinterested, and the bedroom itself was filled with a crowd of people, all of whom insisted on their right to be present on such an auspicious occasion.

The baby was a fine boy, worthy of the splendid title which he inherited, and as Prince Imperial he seemed to secure the future for his parents. He was raised sensibly, after one or two disastrous experiments in his babyhood, and was soon popular with the carefully selected little band of children with whom he played. He was lively, could give imitations that were a good deal too lifelike for respect, and liked nothing better than to play and dance and joke.

Everyone who had the responsibility of looking after him then, and in later years, grew attached to him. He had a spontaneous gaiety and a naturally affectionate manner that were irresistible. To persuade him to study, however, was a more difficult matter. From the improbable age of three he was completely at ease on horseback, and his constant and passionate ambition was to be a soldier. His father would take him with him to reviews of the army, and at these times the little prince, in a miniature but correct uniform, would think himself in heaven.

The Empress was apt to show her affection more spasmodically, and she held views about the merits of a spartan upbringing which she sometimes put into force with disconcerting abruptness. She was, in fact, an anxious rather than a fond parent. In Mrs. Katherine John's life of the little Louise and his parents, THE PRINCE IMPERIAL (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), there are many instances of this, and an amusing *résumé* of Eugenie's views.

"Eugenie liked to describe herself as 'a Roman mother.' The child ought not to be pampered and made a fuss of: *she* would have had him a little spartan, hardy, disciplined, self-reliant. . . . This, like almost all her ideas, sounded very fine: her practice, also as usual, was more exceptionable."

In giving a comprehensive picture of the Prince Imperial's life, Mrs. John has given us, not the biography of one young man, but a family portrait, and this is all the more natural since Napoleon III and his family formed, whatever their outside interests, a close and mutually devoted group. Not even the Emperor's little affairs of the heart, and they were innumerable, could alter the true and affectionate relationship that existed. Impossible, then, to dissociate one member of such a close union and write about him without reference to the others. Mrs. John has achieved a triptych and one of brilliant detail.

At the fall of the empire the royal exiles came to England and took a particularly depressing house near Chislehurst, where they continued to live, even after the Emperor's death. It was large enough to house them and their *entourage*, and it had a considerable amount of ground, but few other advantages. The little court was a sad place and, since none of them was especially gifted with wit, a more than commonly dull place. The days passed monotonously, with only the friendship of Queen Victoria herself to comfort the little family.

Still faithful to his ideal of soldiering, the prince attended Woolwich and finally got his commission in the Royal Artillery. It proved to be a tragic promotion, for it was then that the Zulu war broke out and all Louis' army friends, the companions of his happy Woolwich days, were off to Africa. Nothing daunted, the prince determined to follow them and was allowed to go, with Queen Victoria's permission, as a spectator. "'Well,' said Disraeli afterwards, 'my conscience is clear. I did all that I could to stop his going. But what can you do with two determined women?'"

Eugenie, too, after the first tears and protests, agreed. The courage of such a scheme appealed to her dramatic nature. Four months later the newsboys were crying: "Death of the Prince Imperial."

What better reading at the moment than Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's inimitable sagas of pigs and earls and pleasant young men one jump ahead of the Lunacy Commission? Luckily he has published another such gem which, with the title of UNCLE FRED IN THE SPRINGTIME (Jenkins. 7s. 6d.), takes us back to Blandings Castle and to the dark doings of Lord Ickenham, Lord Emsworth, and that shapely lady, Empress of Blandings.

The pattern is familiar, but that is a comfort in itself. The elegant young men of the Drones' club still revel at the bar, the pretty girls still have more determination than insight and Pongo Twistleton, or another, is still trying to touch Horace Pendlebury-Davenport for £200. In the country Aunt Constance is the familiar gorgon, though perhaps "familiar" is an over-statement, and such titans as the Hon. Galahad Threepwood were, by a chance word, changing the turgid course of a pig-lover's thoughts.

And it is funny. That is what one asks of Mr. Wodehouse and that is what, bless his heart, he provides. I am told that an appreciation of his writings is an acquired taste and I should like to think that I was one of a few lofty *cognoscenti*, but I fear that there are thousands of us, hundreds of thousands even, so that the company, though evidently distinguished, is hardly limited. To read this kind-hearted nonsense is to live for a few hours in a different kind of world, in which young men drive madly through the summer afternoon in Buffy-Porson motor cars, and young women break off their engagements with such soul-searing words as these:—

"Look at your Uncle Alaric. Barmy to the back teeth."

"That's all right about my Uncle Alaric. What about your Uncle Fred?"

"What about him?"

"Loopy to the tonsils."

"This isn't a debate. As I told you before, I came here simply to inform Mr. Davenport that our engagement is jolly well terminated."

"So you're handing me the mitten?"

"Yes, I am."

"You'll be sorry."

"No, I shan't."

"I shall go straight to the devil."

"Trot along."

"I shall plunge into a riot of reckless living."

"Go ahead."

"There was a silence. Only the sound of tense breathing could be heard—the breathing of a man with whom a woman has gone just too far."

One November morning, not many years ago, a man was sitting in Leicester Square, reflecting on the ignoble nature of a life in London. He was a film critic, and he had just seen his thousandth film, and was about to attend his *n*th publicity luncheon. He felt soured, hopeless and endlessly bored. He wanted adventure and colour and "a blazing sun to burn the dross out of me." Instead he got another publicity luncheon.

But a few hours later the adventure began, and in just the circumstances that the man would have chosen for himself. He was asked to go to the West Indies to start a newspaper there, in competition to those existing. He went, he inaugurated the paper and he returned. The result is a book of personal reminiscence, in which Mr. William J. Makin describes his year in Jamaica, and leaves no adjective unturned in a praiseworthy effort to give the reader his money's worth.

CARIBBEAN NIGHTS (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is colourful from the wrapper to the last word. It certainly tells in effective detail just how Mr. Makin was able to bring out the first number of his newspaper, but it also has a great deal to say about the strange Jamaican cults of obeah and pocomania, has a chapter or two on voodoo and ghosts and a review of the banana-growing industry at the present time.

Mr. Makin was lucky enough to be in Kingstown for last year's bad riots and his eye-witness accounts—he quelled one mob by reading one of his own leaders to them—are among the best things in a particularly lively book.

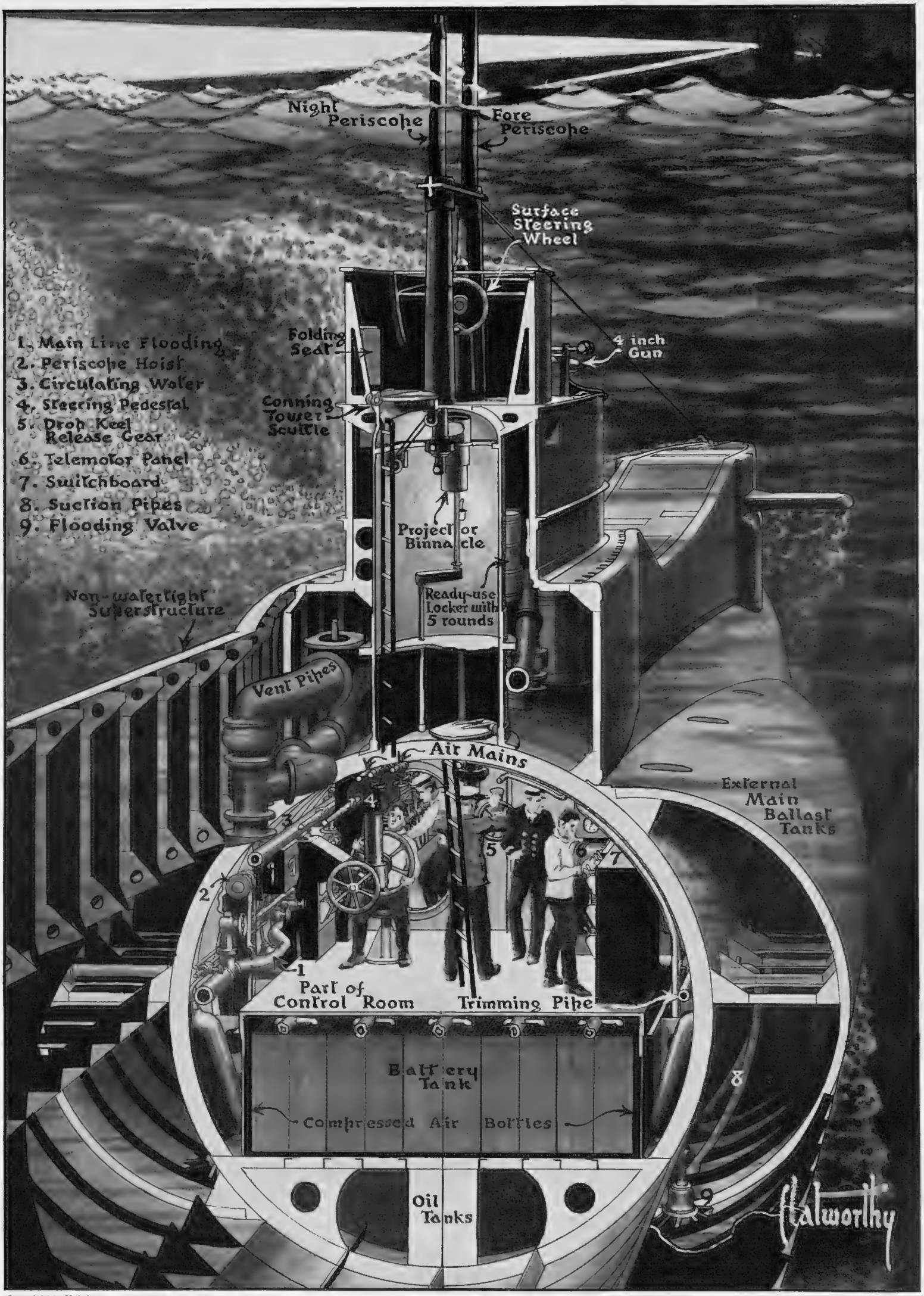
In the game of associations—"Tree? Leaves. Sugar? Candy. Houses? Street."—that one used to play on dull Sunday evenings, and that now is a part of the psychiatrist's technique, the question "Flaubert?" would inevitable produce the answer "Madame Bovary." So what more appropriate title for Mr. Francis Steegmuller's biography of that distinguished man than FLAUBERT AND MADAME BOVARY (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.).

Flaubert lived almost all his life in the same old house not far from Rouen (which he despised for its mediocre life), and on the banks of the Seine. His visits to Paris were rare until late in his life when he was famous and fêted. Before that the expeditions had either been to keep assignations with Louise Colet, with whom he had a long and rather one-sided love affair, or to see one of his three intimate friends

His one journey, undertaken with one of these men, was to Egypt and the Near East, of which time his own travel notes are a complete and astonishingly candid record. But in spite of what might seem the limitations of such an existence Flaubert's intellectual life was both profound and all-embracing.

He has been called the father of the modern novel, since with *Madame Bovary* he originated a style and a form that broke right away from the romantic tradition and advanced from what was then thought of as the "realism" of Balzac.

THE DEADLY ARM OF THE MODERN NAVY



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A SECTIONAL VIEW of a BRITISH SUBMARINE

Depicted by Clatworthy

The submarine is submerged, the fore periscope and the night periscope just breaking the surface of the sea. Below is the projector binnacle and still further below is the control room with the battery tanks beneath. The bulges on the sides are the main external ballast tanks which contain water, blown out by compressed air when the submarine desires to rise. It was stated last week that although successes against German submarines might not be announced at the time it must not necessarily be supposed that such successes had not occurred

"ALWAYS CARRY YOUR GAS MASK WITH YOU!" WHAT ABOUT BABY? Baby's mask is supplied in a case of noble dimensions. Baby will have to think out a scheme for carrying the mask on a morning's expedition

BABY'S VIEW OF THE NEW GAS-MASK IS NON-COMMITTAL An East-end mother is carrying baby and the new respirator. It's a hefty apparatus requiring careful looking-after

LONDON after Dark

A Visit to Piccadilly Circus by Taxi and Bus

A LITTLE after nine o'clock I started out from Kensington to visit Piccadilly Circus under black-out conditions. I wanted an hour's relaxation, so what better was there to do? Finding a bus somewhat slow on arriving, I hailed a passing vehicle. I was a little uncertain, but called out "Taxi"? "Yes, sir, taxi," replied a voice from the darkness. I got in and requested "Piccadilly Circus." Slowly we moved off, carefully picking our way past dark masses, parked cars, and so forth. Can this be Piccadilly?

* * *

Frowning cliffs of blackness overshadowing a roadway dotted here and there with points of red. Still darker, as the time crept on and we with it. "Pull up at the Piccadilly Hotel, driver." "Right, sir; here we are."

The fare on the dial flashed out of the darkness and as I stepped out a little ray of light enabled me to pick out a half-crown, but to pick out some additional change I had to run across the pavement to a spot where a name was glowing in red.

* * *

I walked towards the Piccadilly Hotel, or what I thought was it, to find that I had walked too far. Retracing my steps, I suddenly discovered that I had arrived. Four black rotating flaps, like some wild Don Quixote's windmill, were revolving and I knew I was in front of the hotel main entrance.

Pressing on, I reached the famous circus, "the Scotsman's cinema," but where were the winking lights, red bars, blue circles and showers of stars? Just not there—gone into the general blackness of the night. Black forms loomed up against one.

Looking to the north-east one saw the wings of Eros silhouetted against the sky. They alone identified the famous circus.

* * *

Should I cross by the subway? Yes, but that was easier thought of than done. The entrance was closed. I stared across the roadway and seizing my courage in both hands I strode rapidly for the island and made a second dash for the south side of Piccadilly.

I noticed that the darkness was not altogether unappreciated by the amatorially inclined. Embarrassment was removed by the sable cloak of darkness.

* * *

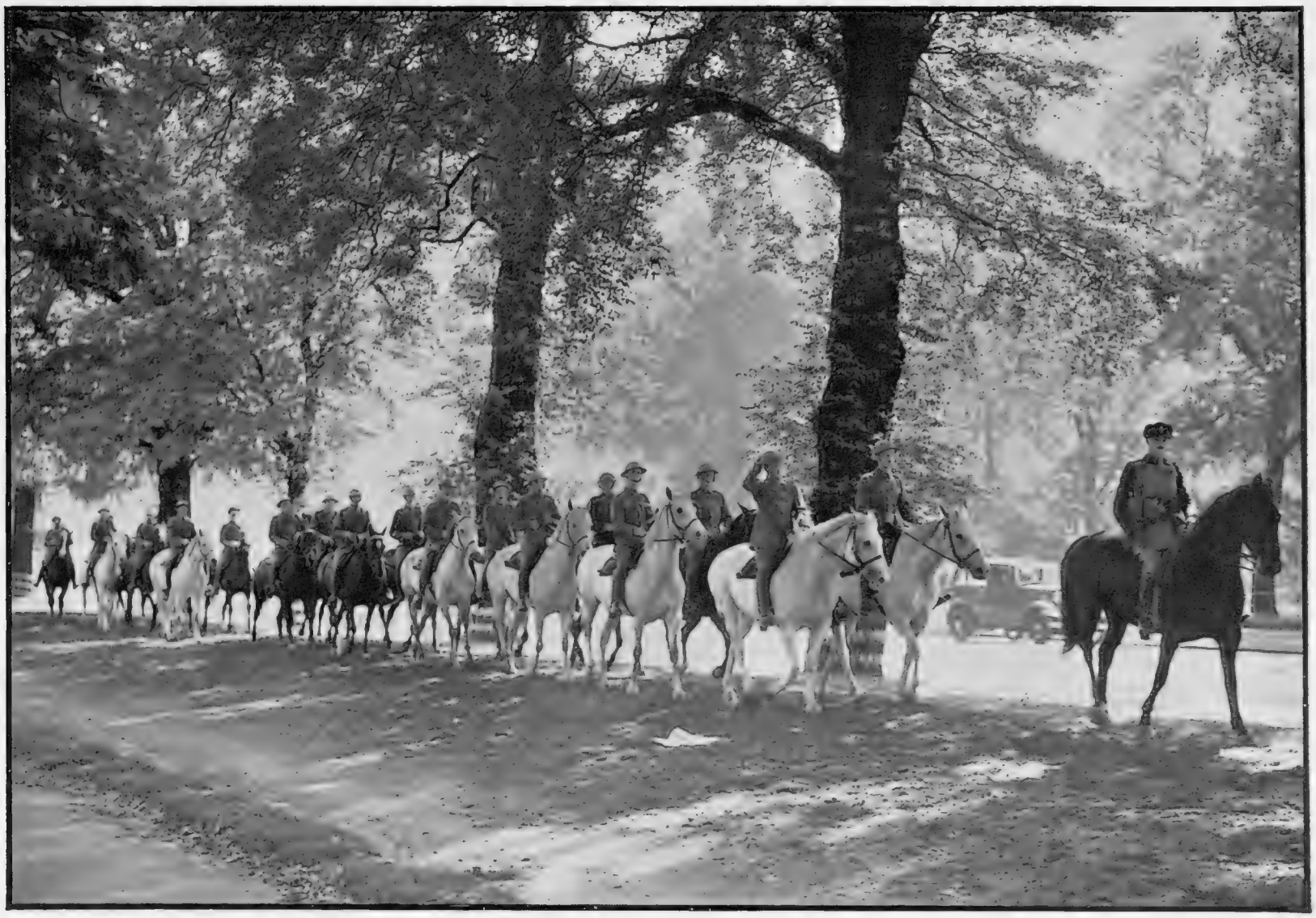
After a pause a dark mass with two pin-points of light swung up to the pavement. It exuded a pale blue-purple glow. "No. 14, Piccadilly" called out the conductor. You missed the numbers if your eye was not very quick. Inside, ghostly passengers sat quietly. There was no reading of one's evening paper. You handed up what looked like a penny in the hope that it was not a two-shilling piece.

Carefully the driver navigated Hyde Park Corner and finally drew up at one's desired halt with the careful glide of a steamer approaching a quayside. The violent application of brakes was a thing of pre-war days.

THE CARE OF THE HOUSE PETS IS ALWAYS VERY MUCH A WOMAN'S JOB Officials of the R.S.P.C.A. state that there are several clinics in London where people can receive information as to where to take their animals for safety. These callers were receiving instructions at a London clinic

AN EFFECTIVE GAS-MASK CARRIER SLUNG FROM THE SHOULDER Here is an effective method of carrying the mask. To hook a string over the finger is distinctly not good—one is apt to leave the mask behind!

LONDON FACETS ON A SEPTEMBER MORNING

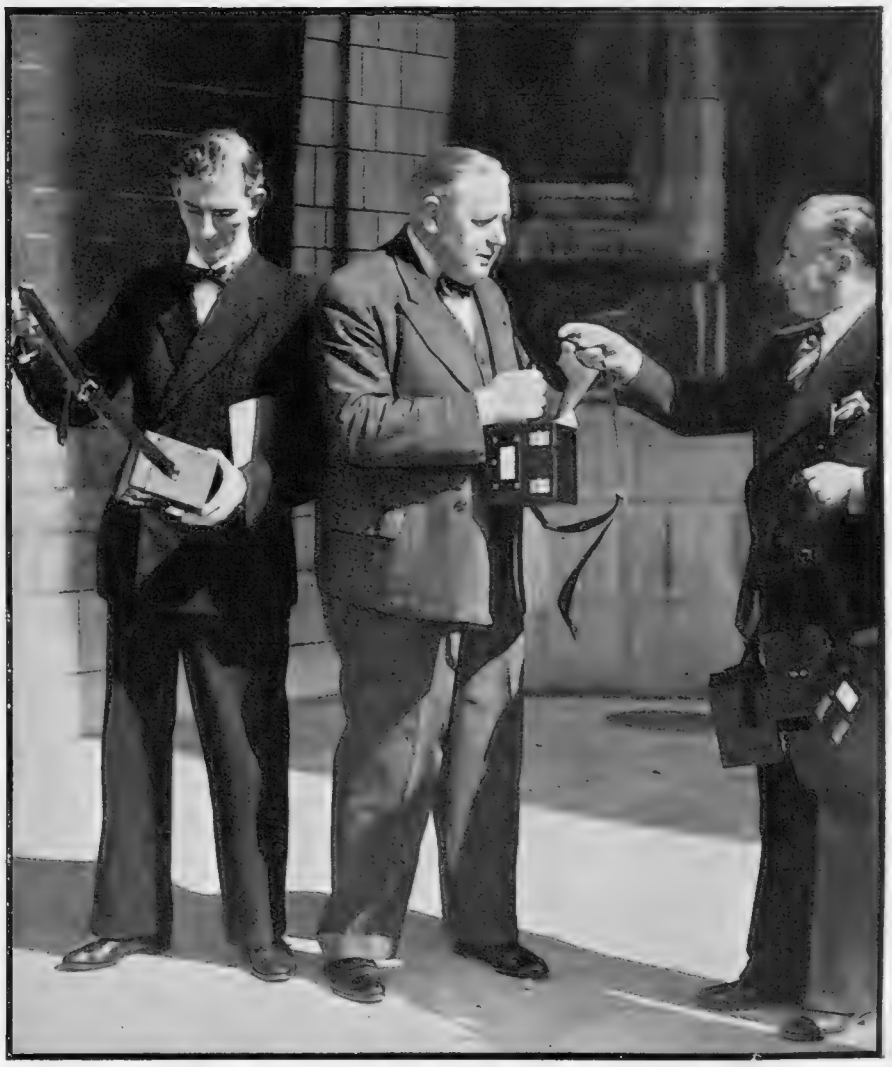


A SPLATTER OF SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE FALLS ON THIS LINE OF MILITARY HORSEMEN

Some picturesque scenes were witnessed in London last week, when detachments of military moved to their stations. In the above case, the lighting of trees and horses was particularly happy

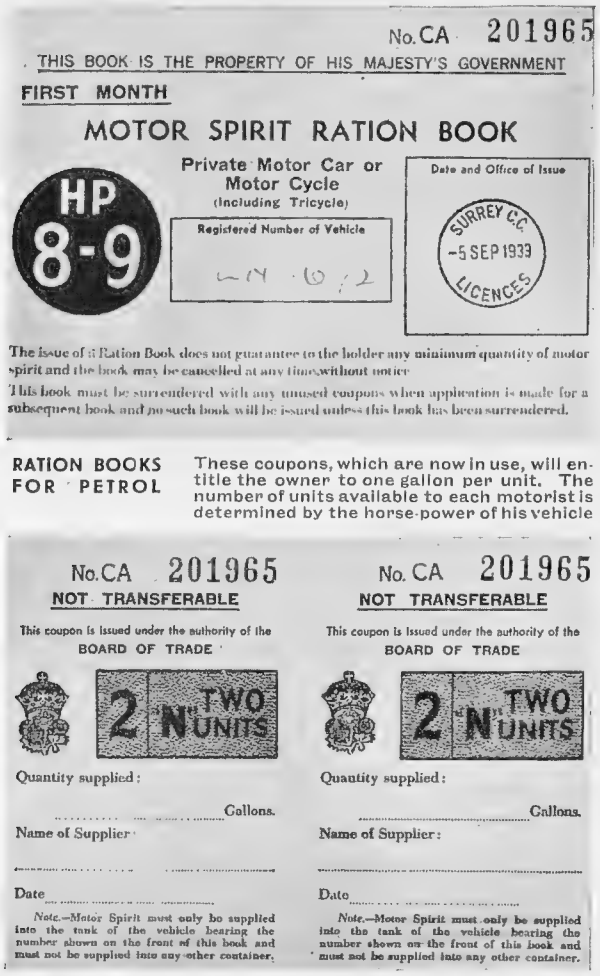
ALONE IN A ONCE-BUSY PLAYING GROUND

With all his companions away in the country, this little boy in Geraldine May Harmsworth Park felt things were a little slow



A POLISH GESTURE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. A. E. Hutton (a Pole), in appreciation of Britain's effort, provided every Member of Parliament with a gas-mask case bearing the name of the Member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Registered Number of Vehicle

Date and Office of Issue

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The issue of this Ration Book does not guarantee to the holder any minimum quantity of motor spirit and the book may be cancelled at any time without notice

This book must be surrendered with any unused coupons when application is made for a subsequent book and no such book will be issued unless this book has been surrendered.

RATION BOOKS FOR PETROL These coupons, which are now in use, will entitle the owner to one gallon per unit. The number of units available to each motorist is determined by the horse-power of his vehicle

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Name of Supplier: .....

Date .....

Note.—Motor Spirit must only be supplied into the tank of the vehicle bearing the number shown on the front of this book and must not be supplied into any other container.

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2 TWO UNITS

Quantity supplied: ..... Gallons.

Name of Supplier: .....

Date .....

Note.—Motor Spirit must only be supplied into the tank of the vehicle bearing the number shown on the front of this book and must not be supplied into any other container.

A NEW ONE EACH MONTH The distribution of further ration books will take place every month. Each book applies strictly to a particular vehicle and cannot be used to obtain petrol for any other car

"ALL CLEAR" AGAIN The City's first bus to proceed after the "raiders passed" signal had been sounded on the morning of Wednesday of last week. The passengers calmly resumed their seats and the traffic resumed its normal flow

POST-RAID RUSH-HOUR Another picture taken after the "raiders passed" signal. People who had been sheltering made a concerted rush for trams and buses while others waited in long queues at the various stations. This picture was taken at New Cross Gate

MOTORING IN THE BLACK-OUT

How to Equip Your Car to Conform with the Government's War-time Lighting Regulations

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

AT the time of writing, the only restriction that causes any worry to motorists so far as their cars are concerned is that dealing with the restriction on lights. I am quite convinced that the restrictions are absolutely necessary and I think all motorists share that opinion, the result being that every car owner has or will do all he can to comply with the regulations that have been issued. It is, perhaps, a little difficult to keep up to date with the restrictions because the authorities find that amendments, due to practical experience, are desirable from time to time.

It is surprising that one sees so many cars which apparently have not received any attention from their owners so far as altering their lamps is concerned. Probably these owners consider that they will only use their cars during the hours of daylight. A very worthy resolve, and one which is in accordance with the wishes expressed by the Government, but people who fail to alter their lamps in accordance with the regulations are likely sooner or later to run into trouble.

For instance, a driver may very well be on his homeward journey so as to reach his destination before sunset and then find himself halted on the road for a couple of hours because an air raid warning has been given. He will be faced with the alternative of altering his lamps as best he can on the roadside or at a nearby garage or else abandoning his car until the next morning. I, therefore, strongly advise every car owner to put his lights in order so that in an emergency he will be able to drive his car during the hours of darkness.

As regards the lights on a motor-car, it is obligatory to have two white side lamps and one red rear light. These three lamps must all be treated in the same way. To start with, the light may only be emitted through an opening which is no more than two inches in diameter or the equivalent area. This aperture must be dimmed by two thicknesses of newspaper or by the application of paint or other substances which will produce an equivalent effect. The reflectors in all these three lamps must likewise be blackened. Any other apertures in these three lamps must be sealed up so that no light escapes through them.

There is no great difficulty in carrying out these measures and I have found that in order to obscure the side panel which illuminates the number plate and other unwanted "holes" an application of ordinary insulation tape is quite effective. On cars which have a built-in number plate at the rear, a little difficulty may be experienced in shutting off the light which usually goes to illuminate the registration number. However, if the cover at the side of the number plate is removed, it may be possible to interchange the wires leading to the rear lamp and the stop light so that what was the rear light can be made inoperative by removing the bulb and what was the stop light will become the rear lamp. In this way no light will shine on the letters and numbers but, of course, the face of the lamp will have to be treated in the manner mentioned above.

A reversing light should have the bulb taken out so as to comply with the regulations. A stop light is permitted and it must be treated in the same way as the side and rear lights but the aperture in this case must not exceed one square inch in diameter. Of course, those drivers who carry out the suggestion I have made about interchanging the leads to the stop and tail lamps will be without a stop light, but that is not very important. In all these lamps no bulb having a power exceeding 7 watts is permitted, but as the usual bulb in side and tail lamps on all modern cars is only 6 watts the official limit is not likely to be exceeded.

As regards headlamps very few people seem to have worried about them, principally because when they are treated in the manner prescribed very little illumination is left to assist the driver. In my own case I have removed all the bulbs and I certainly would advise motorists to do the same unless they propose carrying out the measures laid down which apply to headlamps. By removing the bulbs all possibility of turning them on accidentally is removed. The regulations regarding headlamps have not been altered since first issued and there is no object, therefore, in my repeating them. A fog lamp must be treated in the same way as a headlamp.

In addition to all these measures the front and rear bumpers and the edges of the running boards must be covered with a coating of matt-white paint. If no bumpers are fitted then the tips of the four wings of the car must be whitened. Direction indicators may continue to be used but the transparent portions must be obscured except for a strip not exceeding one-eighth of an inch in width. Although it is now incumbent on every cyclist to have a red rear lamp, motorists should not be surprised to find some cycles not so equipped.

Driving with these shaded lights is not a very pleasant experience, but it is possible to travel along without having collisions. In a way it is rather like driving in a fog and all the precautions we are accustomed to take when such conditions abound should be followed in the present state of emergency. In a way, perhaps, driving is easier than in a fog because at long last the authorities have painted a guiding white line down the centre of most of the roads and have also whitened the kerbs, particularly at road junctions.

It has been suggested that drivers should not stick too close to the centre white line. This, of course, is fairly obvious but I find I cannot get too far away from it without losing sight of it.

After a certain amount of practice it is not too difficult to find one's way along the road, but there is always that haunting fear that you may hit a cyclist or pedestrian, although cyclists have been requested to keep well into the left and they should have red rear lights, and the pedestrians have been advised to use the footpath where one is provided. If they have to walk on the road, in their own interests as well as in the interests of the motorists they would be more visible if they carried a white handkerchief or a newspaper in their hand.

In this connection I saw the other day an advertisement for a red rear light suitable for a foot-slogger. It was in the shape of a belt which carried a dry battery in the front and a small red light at the back. Such a precaution would be almost ideal but I think it would be unreasonable to ask for its universal adoption. Central islands in roads are another source of danger and unless they can be guarded by red hurricane lamps at each end, as has been done in many districts, the authorities should definitely consider removing them for the duration of the war. In fact, now that the Government have announced that this is to be "a three-year war," this step seems to be almost essential—in all districts.

THE YEAR OF THE "EIGHT" The Standard Motor Company's financial year ended on August 31 last by delivery of an "Eight" Saloon, the 50,729th car produced since September 1, 1938. Major Ronald Maude, Director of the company's London distributors, is seen taking the car over from Captain J. P. Black, Managing Director

It is often not realised that a faulty speedometer may deceive the motorist as to his petrol consumption as well as his speed. Some allowance for error has always to be made in practice. Rigid inspection can reduce the margin, however, and the manufacturer who gives careful attention to this point deserves the special thanks of the owner, for few items of equipment contribute so much to satisfaction as a speedometer that is known to be accurate within close limits. In the case of Ford speedometers there are a series of rigid rules governing inspection. They must not be more than one mile an hour fast at 30 miles an hour or $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles at 60 miles an hour. Speedometer reading below 30 m.p.h. or 60 m.p.h. at these two tests are rejected altogether.

THE STAGE AND MUSIC

Lewis Casson, the actor and producer, on left, with General Sir Hubert Gough

A "BALALAIKA" STAR ACTOR REGISTERS IN BEDFORD SQUARE

Roger Treville, the hero of *Balalaika*, answered the call of his country, France, last week

MUSIC IS DRAWN WITHIN THE SPHERE OF SERVICE NEEDS

Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous conductor, leaving the War Office after a conference in connection with entertainment for the troops in war-time

PERSONAL SIDE of WAR-TIME

STOCKBROKING

After closing for a day or two at the beginning of last week, business began again in Throgmorton Street. Members are here seen working in the Street Market outside the Exchange

SOCIETY GIRLS RESPOND TO THE CALL FOR WAR WORKERS

Lady Alethea Eliott (on right), in nurse's uniform, is in charge of the Red Cross group stationed in Chelsea

HELPING TO COPE WITH THE RUSH AT THE U.S. EMBASSY

So great was the rush of inquiries from Americans anxious to get home that Joseph Kennedy, Junr., had to help his father, the U.S. Ambassador, at the Embassy

PEACE AND SECURITY

Like a vintage wine, the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It offers comfort, peace and security . . . always, and is distinct from a thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points :

Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.
It has a licensed and fully-equipped Bridge Club.
Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sun-bathing 24 hours a day.

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Terms from 5½ gns. Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK

PINE-SCENTED AIR—quiet gardens and the peace of the country. Golf on a sporting moorland course. All-weather tennis. London within reach. Real comfort, real cooking . . . and real rest. Lift. Central Heating in every bedroom and bathroom.

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Autumn is Here Again . . . . So let us remind you that

One of the most delightful times for a holiday at Clacton is Autumn. And that if you are contemplating coming to us this year, time marches on—so book now.

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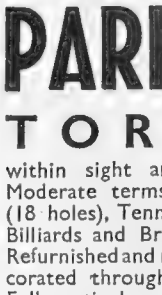
CLACTON-ON-SEA

Cocktail Bar, Ballroom, Hard Tennis Courts. 100 bedrooms. *Electric lift newly installed.* May we send you our tariff ?

The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .



People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this ; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards.

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. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors ?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur ?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

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THE HEADLAND *by* **NEWQUAY**

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'Phone Torquay 3434

In Quest of

Hotel Life in Great Britain

WITH the life of the country—both national and personal—suddenly changed out of all recognition, naturally it falls to each one of us to speculate on how precisely war-time conditions of living are likely to affect his own particular sphere. I am, of course, no exception to this. And I have given much thought to the problem of what will be the development of hotel life and hotel service during the coming period.

First of all, let this point be made at once. We shall shortly find that life is once again normal. It may be—indeed, it *will* be—that we shall have completely new standards of normality. But we shall at least slide gradually into a sort of routine of war in which things happen as easily off the bat as they do in peace.

And I have not a doubt that one of the first manifestations of the achievement of this new normality will be in a spate of holidays for people whose nerves have been grossly over-taxed during recent months. In war-time, holidays are always at a premium, and it is right that they should be. For holidays well-planned offer rest for the nerves such as is unequalled by any other form of tonic. And, more than this, we must remember that in time of war the public snatches greedily at any form of relaxation and entertainment. For the present, at any rate, organised entertainment in the cities is at a standstill, and we must be dependent more and more on the relaxation of the wind and the waves and the entertainments of Dame Nature.

I cannot foresee, then, any great slump in the holiday business. If anything, I think there will be a boom ; and I think that the service which hoteliers offer to the public will be as great or greater now than it has been in the past. For the present, people's minds are turned to a great extent towards finding sanctuary from the menace of the air raid. And here, perhaps, a word of advice may be useful. It is a mistake, I think, to suppose that the West Country and Wales and the most remote corners of islands are the only safe places.

Naturally, they are popular, and naturally their combination of complete remoteness from the war with the mild climate and attractive scenery, which makes them popular always, has tended to fill all the secret "gems" in Devon and Cornwall.

But there is safety to be found elsewhere, I am sure. In the last war, people shunned the east coast, and it

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

under War-time Conditions

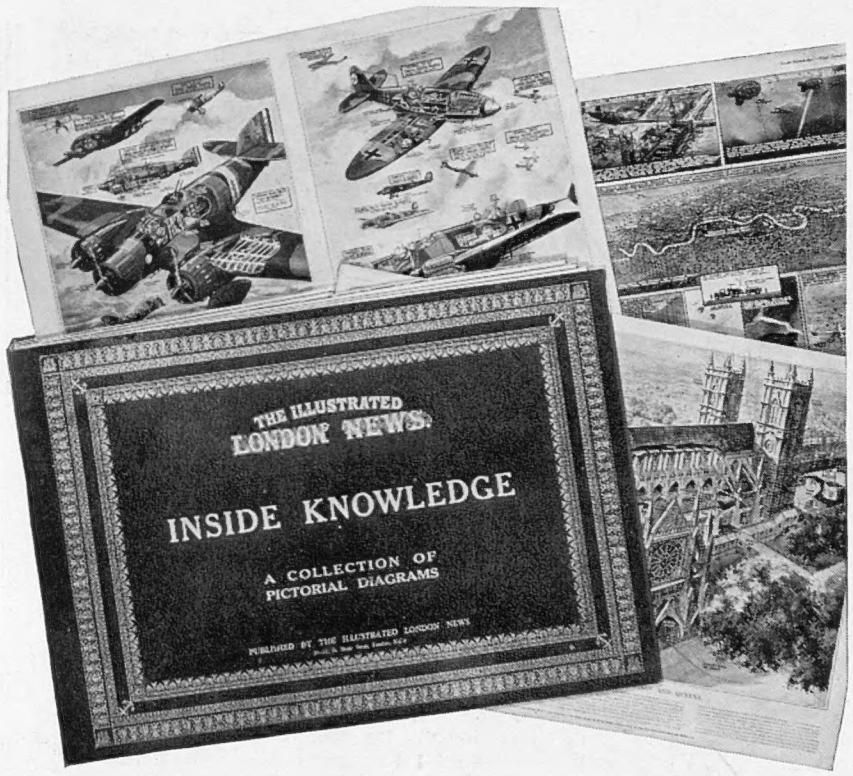
acquired an unfortunate reputation as a danger spot. That this was ever justified, I am not certain. At all events, the east coast proved itself to be less of a danger spot than many other areas. But in any case the danger then was the danger of naval bombardment. That, we are surely justified in saying, is a non-existent danger now. And danger from the air is spread equally over heavy concentrations of industrial populations in whatever part of the country they may be, while it is largely non-existent in the smaller residential towns and villages north, south, west —or even east.

Despise not Clacton, Frinton, Cromer, nor Scarborough. They are all "reception areas" in the terms of the Government's evacuation experts, and I sincerely trust that they will continue to remain reception areas in the sense of holiday hospitality. Consider, too, how, if you live in some industrial city of the north or midlands and should wish to find either a permanent refuge or a holiday of complete safety and freedom from worry, it may still be almost on your doorstep.

Where should you fly, if you are a native of Nottingham or Derby, but to Matlock or Buxton or some other healthy haven in the Derbyshire hills? Where, if you live in Birmingham, but to Stratford-on-Avon or Warwick or some grey stone village in the Cotswolds? And if business responsibilities keep you moored at your desk in some big shipping centre on the west coast, such as Liverpool or Glasgow, in the same way it is not necessary to look very far to find sanctuary.

Let us then, in thinking of safe places for both holidays and permanent residence, keep our heads. Let us not fear that because Cornwall, shall we say, is unsuitable or inconvenient, or because Westmorland is too far, safety and security are unachievable. They are to be had for the asking, together with holidays which will be equally delightful and far more beneficial in war-time than in peace-time; and very little thought will as likely as not show that they are to be had with no great difficulty.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.

Bath.—The Empire.

Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.

Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.

Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.

Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.

Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.

Blackpool.—The Metropole.

Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.

Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17

Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.

Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.

Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.

Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.

Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.

Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.

Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.

Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.

Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.

Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.

Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.

Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.

Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330

Clacton.—Grosvenor Court.

Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.

Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.

Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.

Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.

East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.

Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.

Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.

Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.

Frinton.—Grand Hotel.

Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.

Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.

Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.

Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.

Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.

Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.

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Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.

Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338

Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.

Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).

Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857

Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.

Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.

Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.

Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.

Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).

Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.

Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.

Ramsgate.—The Granville.

Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.

Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.

Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.

Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.

Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.

Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.

St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.

Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.

Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.

Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)

Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.

Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.

Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.

Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.

Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.

Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446

Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812

S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7

United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.

Callander.—Palace Hotel.

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.

Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.

Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.

Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.

Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.

Oban.—The Station Hotel.

Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.

Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.

Perth.—Station Hotel.

Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.

Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.

Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).

Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).

Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.

Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.

Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

NEWS BULLETIN from the A.R.P. FRONT

Our A.R.P. Correspondent is Gradually Getting the Amount of Discipline He Desires

By I. SHELDON-WILLIAMS

EVERYONE is swopping first personal impressions. "Me, when I heard the sirene. . . ." After the eleventh hour, a mother came to me, anxious to "excavate" her baby. In response to my "O.K." message to Report Centre, came the question, "Have you a trailer pump and a car?" "No," I replied. But I have a nice new rattle." (Ollendorf: "Have you seen my father's old shoes?" "No, but I have seen the spectacles of the bow-legged carpenter.") They had got us mixed up with the Auxiliary Fire Station.

But the beautiful dawn was best of all. It takes a war to give us Londoners the chance of seeing that. It was like what I expect to see when and if I wake up in heaven. A cat sat on my neighbour's pergola. We said "good morning," and it climbed down and up across the tiles for a chat. The first sunray drew a glint from a corner of the steel shelter, now void again. When six were cosy below, one lady said, "Stop breathing, everybody; I keep thinking it's the rattle." That was the exhaling buzz from the masks. Then an old man started clipping the privet hedge opposite, to make it tidy for the war.

But about my nights out. I was going the rounds in that thunderstorm the other night, thankful for the brilliant lightning flashes. We were still a bit lenient then about lights. People were trying hard. But suddenly I saw a full double window glare. "My word!" I said to myself, "I can't let that pass." And it was a window in my own house. The night after we declared war we were apologetically persuasive with folk in dressing-gowns and pyjamas. But chats in the small hours took too long. On the third night, with an exception or two, it was a case of flash your screened torch, take the number, and report. Then came word that a man had been heavily fined for showing a light. That should put the wind up and ease the warden's labours a bit. And I have three unofficial helpers who come and give the postman's double knock to make sure of my replying if at home. They report lights of recalcitrant neighbours visible from inaccessible back gardens.

We are getting on capitally, though we still talk too much. At least, I do. The terse order and acknowledgment of soldiering days will come in good time. We need all our breath for essentials. Comments must wait for the talk over that cup of tea after signing off. The exhilaration and excitement of the first days with a clean-cut job before us at last is well, but we must bottle our energies with the iron rations, to stand a long, long siege.

A letter much to the purpose in *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, September 7. The nerves of the best of us must be kept in hand. No avoidable taxation, however slight. Unquestionably the "whine of a car's engine in low gear" bears a family resemblance to the warbling siren. "This particular noise can be avoided by a motorist building up his gears gently at slow speeds."

Yesterday two of us were filling sandbags. Up comes a lady with a small receptacle and that scrounging look. To the whispered word, I replied, "There's the heap of sand; my mate's looking the other way, and I'm stone blind. What dark purpose you may accomplish is not for publication to your neighbours. Otherwise my mate might turn round and I might regain my sight."

I was interrupted here to go calling on the babies in our sector. Infants' masks are being issued at such and such an address. To-day only, till more supplies are to hand. Response at one house: "We think we may be having a baby, but are not quite sure." "Better be on the safe side," I said; "here's your order."

We have adopted 24-hour time in our borough A.R.P. Coming off duty, I found from the rota that my next shift was "Thursday, 24 to 8." Going by American railway time, I read that as midnight on Thursday to 8 o'clock Friday morning. I was agreeably surprised. It gave me 32 hours off. I turned in on Wednesday night for a good, long sleep; 20 minutes past midnight I was roused by a message. Why had I not signed on for duty at midnight?

So I turned out. When I came off at 8 a.m. Thursday morning, I asked two people what they understood by Thursday, 24 o'clock. Both gave the answer as Thursday midnight. The next day I was scheduled for the same duty, the rota reading "Friday, 01 to 8."

Some of us are a little sceptical about that putative lone bomber which gave the first alarm. We prefer to give credit to some genius who had the happy idea of staging a genuine A.R.P. rehearsal which did us a world of good.

We don't shy at the word "discipline" any more. Discipline is not regimentalism. In the last war—I don't mean the last war, but the war before this one—the Canadians hit off exactly the brand of discipline we civilians want. I saw a staff officer entering H.Q. at Bonn. The sentry came to attention; the officer saluted in reply. Just as he was about to enter the building he checked himself—

HOP-PICKERS PLENTIFUL There is no shortage of labour in the hopfields this season, for the work offers a safe refuge out of London for the next few weeks at least

PEACEFUL CORNER A harvesting scene on the South Downs as farmers carry on with their job—a task of the utmost importance in these critical times

"Oh, say, Mac . . ." A short chat on equal terms followed. When it was over, they went through the same military ceremonial. Now, just as likely as not, in civil life the sentry was that officer's boss.

Gradually, and without histrionics, it creeps into the mind of every citizen that to-day he and she is verily and indeed a soldier.

After all it's rather fun.

Hurry up with our civilian duty masks! Some wardens are refusing to go on duty without them; others are patrolling with their civilian masks. Not till each warden keeps his or her full personal equipment will our amazing efficiency become apparent—on which already we have been officially complimented. Advance, Hampstead!

We are cultivating the difficult art of snatching a nap at any odd time. Families, please help!

The other night we directed a policeman. New Auxiliary, of course. No aspersion on the M.P.

Don't fill your sandbags so full. Three-quarters only, so as to beat down to brick shape. Emulate the bricklayer. Build alternately one "header" (tied end facing inwards) and two "stretchers." Break joints with each course. Tie mouths of bags *tightly* a full 2 ins. from top. Neglect of these few essentials by willing volunteers has just necessitated pulling down and rebuilding an 8 ft. wall of bags.

Sir Henry Page Croft made the following useful points in a recent letter to The Times.

"WE may take it, therefore, as almost certain that no citizen is in any danger until gun-fire has been heard. This gun-fire will be unmistakable, as there will be many short, sharp, loud barks from the guns, and if we are wise we will regard this as a joyous sound in that it indicates that our defences, so admirable in their preparation, are all at work. Shelter should, of course, be taken from the danger of splinters or fuses from our own shells when firing starts.

"Citizens should also remember that should a bomber penetrate the defences there will probably be at least fifty British anti-aircraft gun reports to one enemy bomb, and it is important that all should realise the loud friendly sound of the anti-aircraft fire as opposed to what will be a comparatively rare, deep, muffled rumbling of an exploding bomb.

THE SEIZURE OF DANZIG

The Nazi Technique Exhibited in Usual Detail, Leading Up to a Proclaimed Seizure in September

AUGUST 18.—Herr Förster presented flag to Danzig Heimwehr, legion stationed in Danzig since July. In his speech he stated exultantly—"Now we can show our weapons for the first time since the last of the German troops moved out of the city twenty years ago."

August 19.—Pontoon bridge over the Vistula opened. Apparently for military purposes, having been built in eight weeks. It was opened by Herr Förster and a statement was made that plans had been prepared for a motor road and ordinary bridges to East Prussia, but as time was so urgent the pontoon bridge had been erected.

August 20.—Herr Förster, at a Nazi party rally, made a significant speech. "Czechoslovakia does not exist any more. It has become a German Protectorate without a shot being fired, in spite of the support promised it by Great Britain and France. Poland has rejected friendly overtures made by the Führer. She has replied by threatening to destroy Germany and invade the Reich as far as Stettin. But the Führer will see to all that . . . God has been with the Führer for six years."

August 21.—250 German lawyers, including Dr. Seyss-Inquart, arrived for rally of Reich jurists.

August 24.—Herr Förster made, by decree, Führer of Danzig—a *coup d'état* giving him great power.

August 25.—Polish railway officials arrested, including the stationmaster of the Danzig Central Station. The 300 political prisoners sent by sea to Germany. German training ship—*Schleswig-Holstein*—entered Danzig harbour.

August 27.—German anti-aircraft guns brought out of hiding and stationed in various parts of Danzig. German photographers had come to photograph the entry of German troops. Polish dockers were being terrorised and prevented from working.

August 28.—Two more Polish stationmasters and two more Polish customs officials were arrested. Polish shops attacked by Nazis, who smashed windows. A Polish train bearing coal from Gdynia was seized. Rationing of food began.

August 30.—Danzig shipyards dismissed all Polish employees without payment and have refused them their ration cards. A stock of timber worth £200,000, belonging to a Polish firm, was forbidden export to Poland. Two Polish negotiators over the railway traffic were arrested at the end of the conversation. The main Danzig station, which was Polish property, was seized. Poles were expelled from their houses and flats, and many Poles arrested. Ration cards have been refused to the majority of Poles which means that they are unable to buy food.

September 1.—Danzig seized by Herr Förster. "My Führer, I have just signed the following constitutional law concerning the reunion of Danzig with the Reich and I have put it in force."

September 2-8.—A period of advances by Germany into the Polish corridor area followed. Poland was reported to have made small advances into German territory in the latitude of Danzig, but these would appear to have been swamped by the German advance farther south. The main action reported in detail was that against Westerplatte which fell after a gallant resistance on the 8th.

"There appears to be indication that the enemy is using incendiary bombs in large numbers in Poland, and this emphasises the need for filling up the ranks of fire workers and reporting at once if any house is hit by an incendiary bomb and taking earliest measures to extinguish it.

"The next thing we have to remember is that in the vastness of London the odds against a bomb reaching one's own immediate neighbourhood are very great, and to recall the comforting thought that in the whole three years of the war in Spain the total deaths in no way equalled the number of deaths on the road in England due to motor-car accidents, while the number of injured in that prolonged war was only a small fraction of injured on our roads in a single year."

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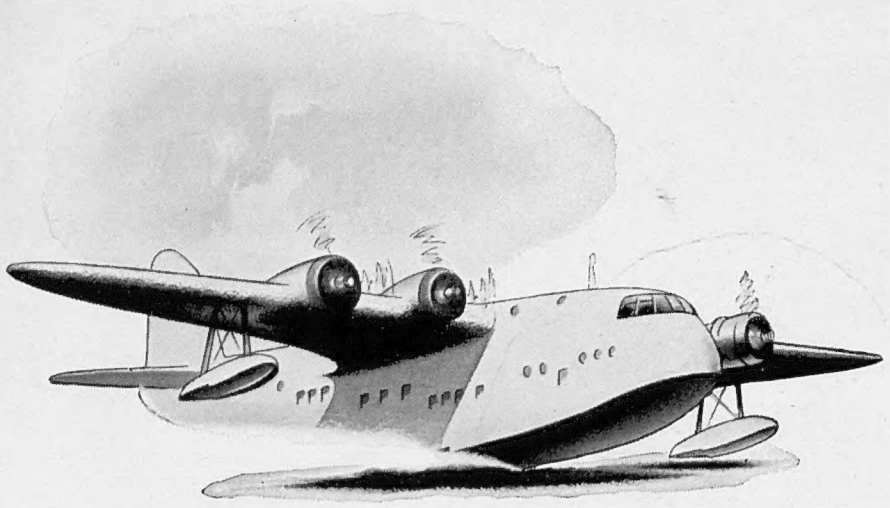

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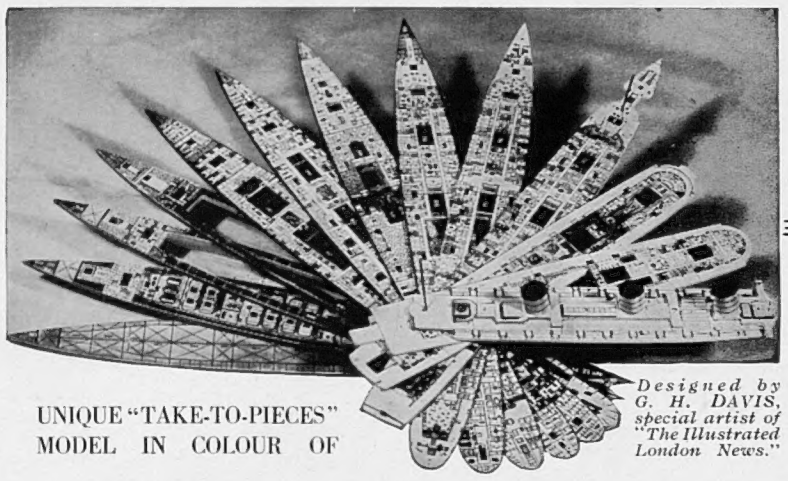

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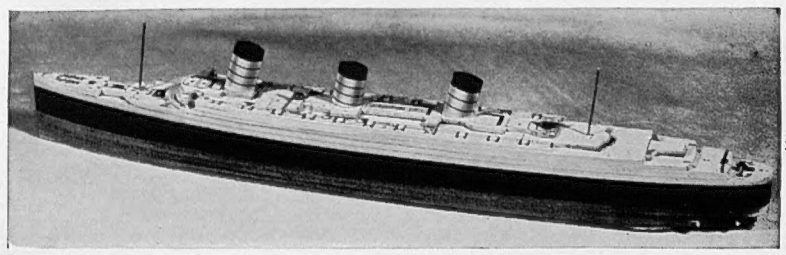

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